

The TATLER

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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

AUGUST 25, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2459

THIS ISSUE

New Forest Tennis.

That very lively centre of tennis, Brockenhurst, Hants, was recently the scene of a hard fought tournament for local junior championships. Pictures of some of the contestants playing in the beautiful surroundings of the Forest are on pages 232 and 233.

"The Twelfth."

Seldom has the Twelfth of August dawned so bleak, wet and generally uncomfortable as it did this year. But in spite of the struggle to keep warm and dry shooting parties had, on the whole, a satisfactory start to the season's sport. Scenes from Scotland are on page 236.

Olympic Yachting.

The yacht racing in Torbay for Olympic honours was always exciting and sometimes spectacular, and was followed by evenings of the greatest sociability and international good feeling. Photographs of officials, competitors and spectators will be found on pages 238-9 and 240-1.

Kildare Hunt Horse Show.

The famous Irish hunt, founded in 1793, once more held a most successful annual horse show, largely attended by members, and followers of other packs, at their centre Naas. See page 243.

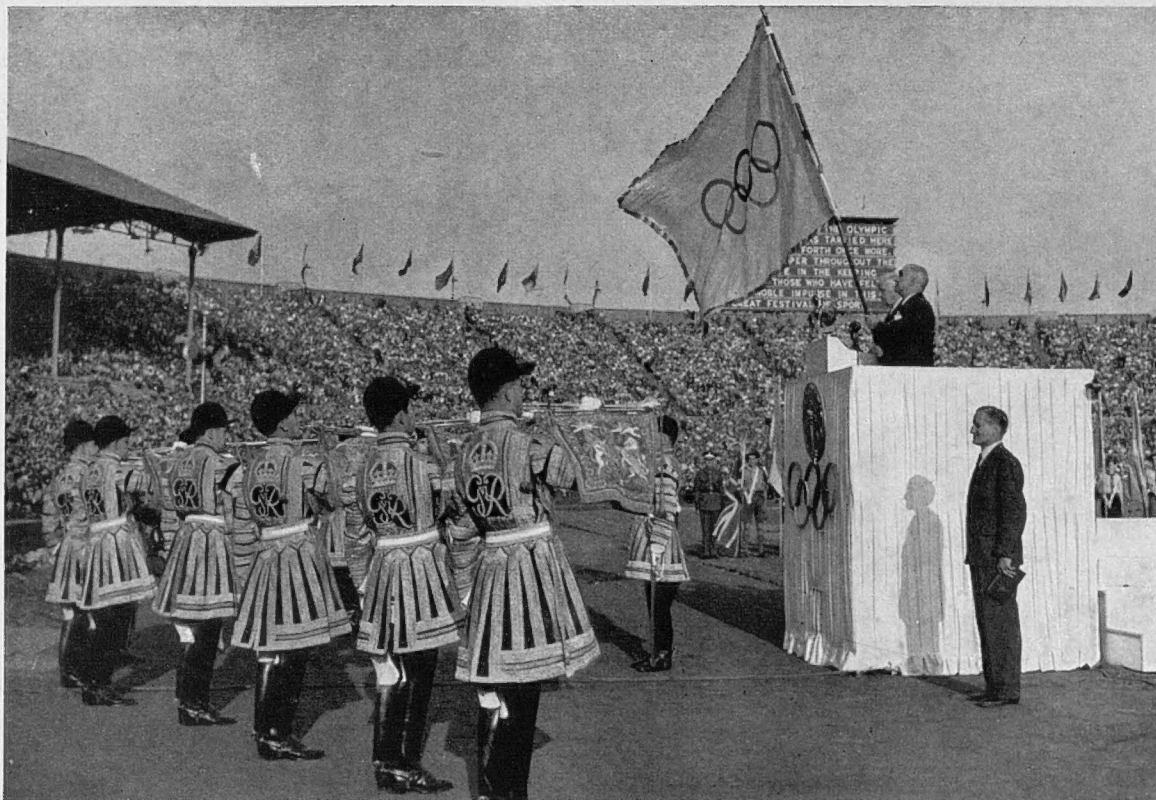
H.A.C. Luncheon.

Returning hospitality enjoyed in South Africa during the war, the 11th H.A.C. Regiment gave a luncheon at their headquarters, Armoury House, City Road. A picture of the guests is on page 244.



Swæbe

T.R.H. CROWN PRINCE OLAF AND THE CROWN PRINCESS OF NORWAY, leaving a dinner given in their honour at Torquay by Cdr. Peter Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C., chairman of the Yacht Racing Association Olympic Committee. The Crown Prince was at Torbay in the Norwegian Royal Yacht Norge as Commodore of the Olympic Regatta and special delegate of the International Yacht Racing Union. The Crown Princess was formerly Princess Martha of Sweden. They have an eleven-year-old son, Hereditary Prince Harald, and two daughters, Princesses Ragnhild and Astrid



As Trumpeters Sound a Fanfare, Sir Frederick Wells, Lord Mayor of London, holds the flag which will be in his keeping until the 1952 Olympiad at Helsinki. A scene during the concluding ceremonies of the immensely successful Olympic Games at Wembley. Standing beside the Tribune of Honour is Lord Burghley, chairman of the Organizing Committee, and with the Lord Mayor is Mons. J. Sigfrid Edstrom, President of the International Olympic Committee

Some Portraits in Print

I HAD been idling through Gabriel Chevalier's deliciously absurd novel *Clochemerle* in Paris, little thinking that I was about to be projected into the atmosphere of that fantastic French village—and as violently, at one moment, as the characters in the story.

Those who have read the book will know that it tells of the adventures which befell the inhabitants of a Côte-d'or village called Clochemerle following the unveiling of its first public convenience; of the Curé Ponosse and the scheming Barthélemy Piéchut, of the highly virginal Justine Putet, outside whose windows parade in Rabelaisian array (and disarray) all the puppets of the piece.

I was reading this in Paris, as I say, when the telephone rang and a familiar voice said: "Come down to the South of France, we've got a new car."

So it happened that two mornings later I woke up and opened the window to see—not Clochemerle, but the real Côte-d'or village of Saulieu, on the road to Chalon-sur-Saône. There it was, cobbled streets and shuttered windows, fat farmers clasp ing huge umbrellas, housewives shuffling along in felt slippers and wooden shoes, bereted children and a great activity and burnishing of copper pots in a kitchen opposite.

Just an ordinary French village, frugal and grey, yet with one truly Clochemerle touch, for along that village street—at eight in the morning—strode a giant of a man, a Cossack in full dress, crossed bandoliers and an astrakhan set at a dashing angle.

He was, I found later from a poster on the walls, a Colonel Ogupulof (or some such name) whose troupe of wandering "White Russians" had been entertaining the villagers on the

previous evening. They must be getting old, these tattered and always pathetic wanderers. A good story awaits the telling of the tale of some such troupe as this, a story with film values: perhaps it has already been done?

SUCH was the manner in which my day started; it finished, before midnight, on a stretch of road north of Avignon.

A monstrous black mass out of the darkness—two malevolently gleaming yellow eyes—a thundering crash. This is it, you say, this is it, this is what we've been waiting for all our lives, this is the end . . . silence and then a door swings off . . . and, my God! it isn't "it" after all.

A huge lorry, northward bound from Marseilles, had smashed into us, and our car had been crushed against the plane trees that line the route. Apart from bruises, we were safe; we did not worry about the lorry.

The next hour was rich in dramatic colour. We had imagined, at that moment, that we were in a lonely stretch of country. Yet almost at once our little stage—the centre held by the concertinal shape of what had once been a superb new American car—was peopled with strange figures, some with their clothes in disarray, one swinging a lantern, all awakened by the noise of the crash. To this was added the bludgeoning guttural of the two *camion* drivers, and to give the *mise en scène* an operatic touch, the impact had turned on the car's wireless, and the night was enlivened by an aria from *Madame Butterfly*.

This was too much of a good thing, and I climbed on to the car to find the switch. I failed, but picked up on the floor a little

medallion of St. Christopher, a saint, indeed, to travellers on that night.

Presently it began to rain, and with a charming gesture, one of the spectators invited the owner of the car to consider herself his guest. So we entered his little parlour, two small children were awakened, and his wife produced from a cupboard a bottle of cognac and some liqueur glasses. With solemnity, and much bowing and shaking of hands, our great good luck was toasted.

Such kindness on a lonely road in a foreign land! And such efficiency in the plotting of the next steps to be taken!

When we thanked our unknown host, he said diffidently: "Oh, no, but you see: in France we are always at our most normal when faced with the abnormal."

Magnificent curtain line!

NEXT morning the party awoke (to be truthful, I had not slept) in a larger edition of Clochemerle, and I had the dream-like experience of wandering about a town, in the brilliant seven o'clock sunshine, looking for clues as to its name. Through the town raced a torrential river, grey with Alpine water. The town turned out to be Romans-sur-Isère, on the Grenoble road, and before I had finished my walk the whole place came slowly to life. Here was a town (of whose name I had never heard) obviously of importance. It had its Grande Place (with a defunct little opera house), its museum and Place Jean Jaures, its Boulevard Voltaire and—its Place General de Gaulle.

It also had the first white-flour *croissant* rolls I have eaten this eight years, hot from the baker's shop.

I HAD left a Paris sweltering in an uneasy heat under lowering skies, the city seeming more full than is usual in August.

Paris loses little in the years but one thing that is lost is its peculiar aroma, a synthetic whiff of which in some other part of the world conjured up visions of the hot boulevards and the toot-toot of the older type of taxi; an aroma compounded, for choice, of chicory coffee, French tobacco, French petrol and the emanations from the Metro. Only the latter is not in "short supply."

Otherwise it remains the same lovely, brittle, highly strung capital in all that matters. One evening, to pass an hour, I walked into the *promenoir* of the Casino de Paris. This has been, as they say, "cleansed," but in every other particular the crowd remains the show. Here gather Mr. and Mrs. Johansen from Oslo, M. Dupont from Clochemerle (on a business visit to Paris) and the biggest collection of "funnies" you could see on a day's march. Here are still the honeymoon couples buying those little rubber nude figures from a man with a line of stimulating patter. I stood behind the man watching the faces of the people who were buying. An entertaining experience.

Yes, the same Paris.

On my way to a lunch appointment I thought to buy a carnation for my buttonhole and took one from the flower woman on the corner of the Rue Cambon. "No, no, no," she said, absolutely—"no!" She would not accept payment for one flower. It was a pleasure to see it in my buttonhole. To demonstrate her pleasure she put it in the buttonhole.

It is with such little instances as this that a city so often hard and mercenary redeems itself. Or is that too patronizing a thought?

One more Paris note: among what appear to be a greater number of *fiacres* than usual is still that elegant, handsome woman driver in the green velvet coat.

A man at the Traveller's told me that she was once a well-known circus performer.

THE choice of a book when travelling is usually an accidental matter, and rarely does one's reading coincide with the background of the minute so exactly as in my case of *Clochemerle*.

Motoring through France one is far more likely to read something like Dickens's *Christmas Carol* or *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. In the past this choice has often been in the hands of the lamented Mr. Tauchnitz—I say lamented because Leipzig, font of all those excellent paper-backs, is now in the Russian Zone.

Now I come to think of it, I *did* read *Tom Brown's Schooldays* in St. Moritz, because it was the only English volume on the bookstall at Villach. Most people I imagine have similar memories, when mention of, say, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* evokes not a vision of little gold-diggers of the 'twenties in the Ritz Bar in Paris so much as a foggy Sunday afternoon in Newcastle-on-Tyne, while the name of Elinor Glyn (I am talking now from personal experience) only makes me think of a snowbound day in a Dartmoor hotel where the only reading was a Mrs. Beeton's cookery book ("take one quart of cream, the yolks of a dozen eggs") and a copy of the late Miss Glyn's *Three Weeks*—or was it only two weeks?

I have never been able to make up my mind on the most suitable visual background for the reading of a book. Travel literature is best read in the comfort of one's hearthside, I think, and Marryat, Stevenson, Jack London surely lower their top-gallants, and bring all hands on deck, most vividly on a quiet evening ashore.

—Gordon Beckles

Memory's Garland

All flowers' names are storied, are they not?
Each tells its olden legend—all the lot;
Gay-patterned tales that come a-crowding thick
From Mem'ry's ever-blooming posie. (sic). . . .

Take first the *Cowslips* in their golden spate
On which the COW SLIPS, owing to her weight,
Then *King-cups*, also like the precious metal.
Of eld dubbed KINK-UPS from their upturned petal.

Lilac, whose balmy scent was LULL-ACHE mild;

Iris, to tell where IRISH eyes once smiled;
Eschscholzia—if I have writ that well—

Our Saxon forbears' word for "tough-to-spell";

Lavender, scents your LAUNDER-y, or wash;
And, knobby-headed like the burglar's cosh,

Bold *Buttercup* the BATTER-COP was hight.

Who has not heard the lark, purring in flight,

Whence whisp'ring LARKS-PURR justly takes its fame?

Or marked th' abusive crow, which gives a name

TO CROW-CUSS, that the rasping *Crocus* limns?

Others derive from olde-tyme lovers' whims—

Poppy I wot from one whose damsel's eye
So bright beamed forth that "POP-EYE" was his sigh;

While some dear sweetheart's coy and side-long gaze

In *Honeysuckle*—HONEY'S OGLE—stays.

France brought us *Tulip*, for its pois'nous seeds

Oft slew the wolf—TUE-LOUP, the Gallic reads.

Then *Cauliflower*, that's the sheep-dog's bloom;

And countless more for which I have no room:

Pansy, that PAN'S EYE shows; the shepherd's PHLOX;

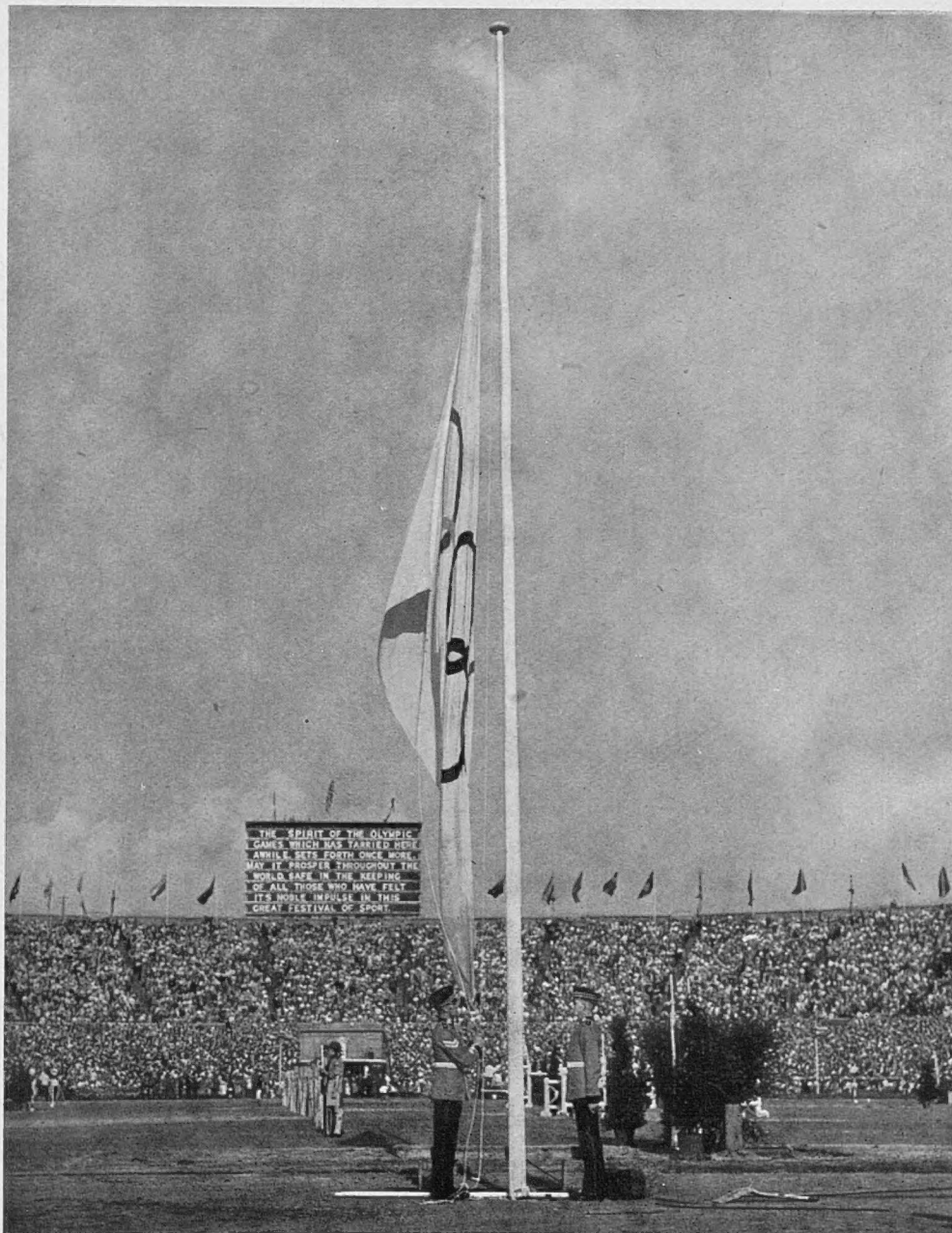
Shock-headed GOLLIWOGS, now *Holly-hocks*;

Harebell, that has so HORRIBLE a smell,
And *Thistle*, that made fair Eden's lawns

THIS HELL. . . .

Ah, names, dear names, like time-pressed garlands frail,
Now drawn across dim Hist'ry's scented trail,
Will folk recall you when I'm long forgot?
Or will folk have me taken out and shot?

—Justin Richardson



Guardsmen lower the Arena Flag while eighty-five thousand spectators sing the Olympic Hymn

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Sit Down a Minute,
Adrian" (Comedy)

THIS is not a bad example of the genteel farce now much in fashion. It is as clean as a whistle, with as few notes.

Plautus and Shakespeare, those shameless revellers in the fun of mistaken identity and stage hullabaloo, might have wondered what it was all about. Comic the mistakes, no doubt, but how lightly comic the penalties! Pinero, who constructed his own immortal farces as carefully as he constructed his temporarily more important problem plays, might have asked where the story was. But Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas has at least a hereditary claim to know what's what in farce, and in his view all that is needed is one delightful old dear capable of misunderstanding anything.

WELL, there is a summer dearth of not merely good but of actable plays. Mr. Brandon-Thomas is very likely just about right.

Farce, as we know, deals with real persons in unreal situations. Adrian must therefore be a real person and so we hear that in office hours he is an eminent architect. It is only at home that he is perpetually surprised at what his wife and three daughters take for granted and amiably determined to catch up with them in knowledge of the world.

Perhaps the plainest way to describe this architect's domestic education would be not act by act but phase by phase, for the thing is, if you look closely into it, what astronomers call phasic. The opening phase is direct and to the point. Adrian's youngest daughter, still at the age to use force, extracts a kiss from the handsome young secretary, and Adrian, surprising them, is much surprised to learn that this does not betoken an engagement to marry.

NEXT day he surprises his second daughter kissing a second young man, but he has learnt his lesson. Unhappily for him this particular lesson has no applicability to the circumstances of to-day. He mortally offends a real suitor by leading him to suppose that the girl would naturally be kissing some young man at that time of day. Then his third daughter, asked if she had seen a show on her way through London, casually remarks that she was too busy getting married.

This is the first phase. The word "psychiatry," carelessly dropped at one point, is the springboard from which the author dives into the second phase. It is a subject quite new to the eminent architect, but having brought his powerful mind to bear on a text-book, he decides that the whole family would benefit by a course of psychoanalysis.

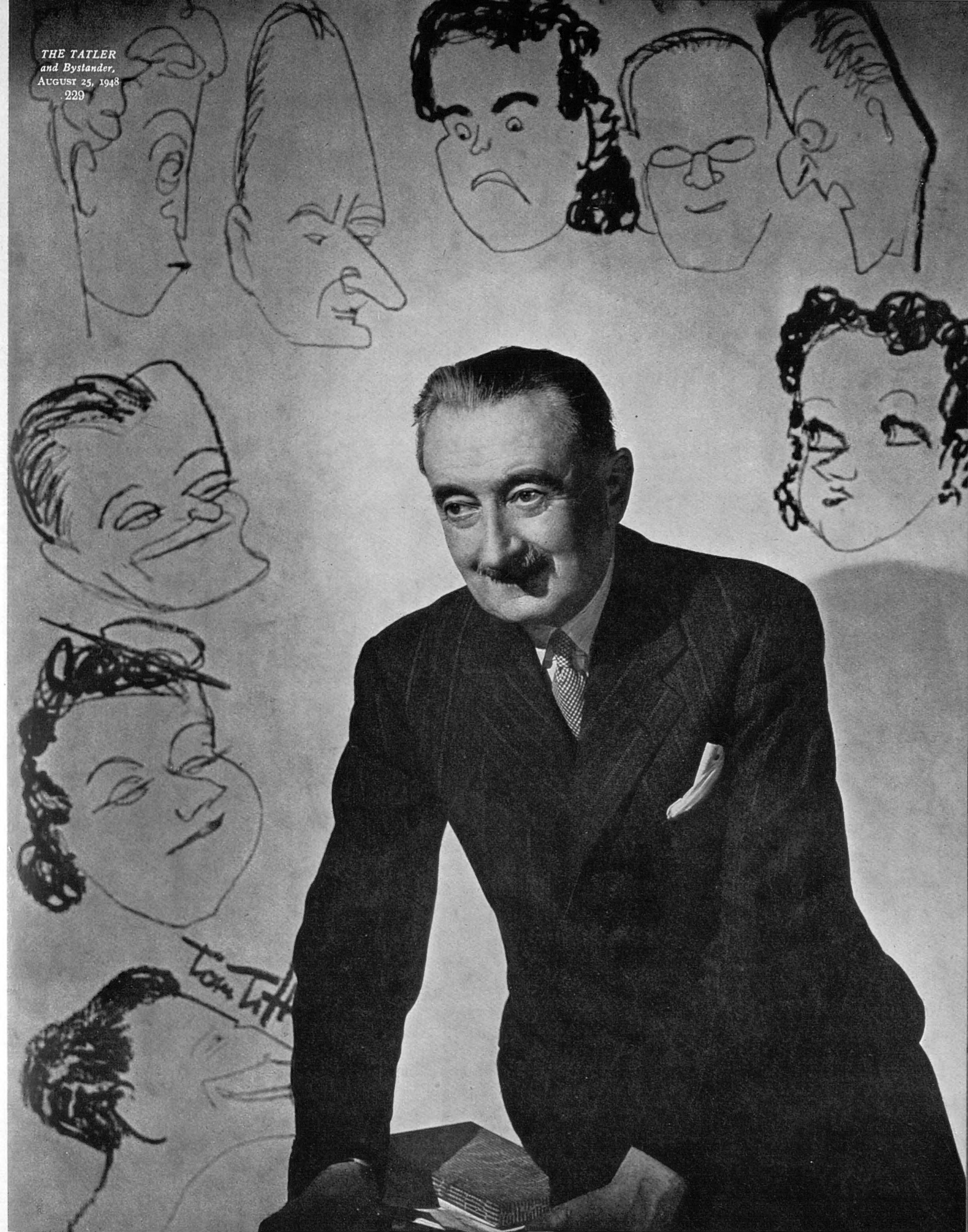
He telephones for the author of the book, and is again surprised that he should instantly appear at the front door. Adrian is not to know that the newcomer's role is not that of a psychiatrist but of son-in-law; and the conversation at cross-purposes may be said to constitute the third phase of the farce. In the fourth and final phase Adrian, imitating the agile action of the elephant, becomes an energetic conspirator. By continuing to misunderstand everything and everybody he succeeds in arranging everything and everybody for the best.

ALL obviously small beer, but made genuinely palatable by pleasant acting. Mr. Evelyn Roberts is so charming, comfortable and disarming as Adrian that at times he seems completely representative of the blundering, well-meaning male at the head of a family of females. His sensible wife is not merely sensible, she is graceful and vivacious, for she is Miss Phyllis Dare, whose bright good looks have outlasted the shining picture postcards in best sepia finish on which she first won thousands of youthful hearts.

Miss Betty Blackler, Miss Ena King and Miss Jane Hilary are Adrian's agreeable family; and Mr. Peter Hawkins, Mr. John Watson and Mr. Richard Carey are the young men who struggle successfully or unsuccessfully to join it.



Father in a Whirl at the peculiar behaviour of his family. Adrian Sparkes (Evelyn Roberts) looks in alarm at the Leftist foreman Joe Gorme (Peter Hawkins) who demands his daughter Mercia (Ena King). With his right hand he feebly indicts his other two offspring Joan (Betty Blackler) practically kidnapping the secretary (John Watson), and Betty (Jane Hilary) exchanging views on Freud with the muscular psychiatrist (Richard Carey). Acting as the calm centre of the domestic maelstrom is Mamma (Phyllis Dare)



Photographed by Angus McBean

"TATLER'S" TOM TITT

It is almost exactly twenty years since Tom Titt's cartoons of the theatre began to appear in *The Tatler*—July 11, 1928, to be precise. Since then his work has come to be recognized as without parallel in its particular sphere—and none are more generous in their recognition of his gifts than his subjects. Tom Titt arrived in England from Central Europe to study art in 1907, in time to taste and enjoy the full flavour of the Edwardian era. In 1910 his first caricature was

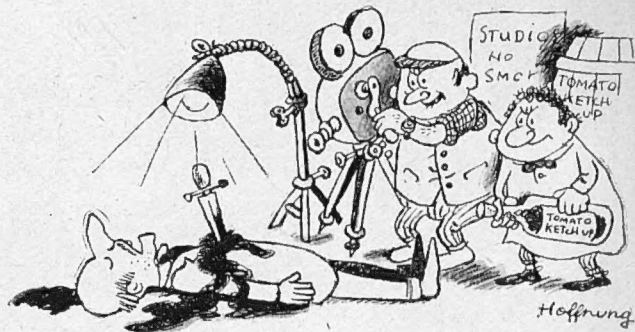
published and by 1913 he had become well enough known to hold an exhibition at the Doré Galleries in Bond Street which was visited by Queen Alexandra. After that his work appeared in almost every illustrated magazine and daily paper of importance in London. His pseudonym derives from the first film he ever saw, *Bird Life*, a documentary of 1910, in which the name of the tom-tit enchanted him so much that he adopted it forthwith

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Of Naked Cities



NOBODY can accuse the film industry of being slow in the uptake. No time has been lost, since the success of *The Naked City*, in giving every possible picture that new semi-documentary look. Three of the week's four new films open very much in the manner of *The Naked City* with a caption followed by a commentary introducing us to the scene of the crimes to come.

The novelty of the fashion is likely to pall very soon; especially as *The Naked City* was not really a novelty at all, but the much-needed restatement of a first principle. If *The Naked City* succeeds in reminding the film world of the value of authentic backgrounds it will have given a stimulus as healthy as a breath of fresh air to studio-confined directors. But they should not have needed reminding.

What was novel about *The Naked City* was the skilful blending of authentic background with murder story—the balance being slightly in favour of the background. As usual with new film fashions, the imitators have thought it enough to imitate the externals but not the essentials—just as last year the old film plots were all wearing the flashback tacked on fore and aft (a fashion that had its uses for latecomers) or as many unfortunates lengthen last year's frocks at the waist and call them New Look.

TWO of the new films are content to make their opening declaration in the latest documentary fashion and then relapse with relief to tell their old stories. The disappointment is greater in the case of *London Belongs To Me* (Leicester Square Theatre) than *Kiss of Death*.

I had not read Norman Collins's best-seller, but both its title and its reputation had led me to suppose that the rich London background was the thing. Sidney Gilliat's film after the routine introduction to Dulcimer Street, South London, camera panning to the façade of Number Ten, takes us inside to find the stock inmates of almost any British film boarding-house. Here they are again: the good-time boy and his widowed mother, the nice young heroine and her steady sober parents, the grotesque spinster, the fake medium and Joyce Carey as the proprietress.

Some of the performances are well above average. Richard Attenborough's study in adolescent delinquency—as the boy who begins by repainting a stolen car and ends by throwing a girl out of one at 50 m.p.h.—is so expert, so subtle that he almost makes us forget how often we have seen him in similar parts. Ivy St. Helier makes the grotesque Connie more credible than most. Stephen Murray answers for the benevolent agitator of the type we claim as strictly British. Even Alastair Sim, whom familiarity has made a liability to the illusion of any film, finds justifica-

tion for his most repulsive "unctimoniousness" as the fake medium. Susan Shaw is an unusually lifelike British ingénue. As her parents, Fay Compton and Wylie Watson both contribute characterizations of that self-effacing perfection so rare in our studios.

Acting of this calibre is a pleasure to watch and makes *London Belongs To Me* entertaining enough in its commonplace style. But we never feel London again until one momentary flash of realism when a policeman calls to serve a subpoena on Mr. Sim. True, Mr. Murray's fantastic procession marches across Westminster Bridge bearing its petition for the hero's reprieve from hanging to the Home Secretary. It is only too easy to see how touching a tribute to the great sentimental heart of the eccentric English this incident might have been.

The film, however, totally fails to bring it off, and the shots of the preposterous, absurd little procession cutting into shots of the hero awaiting execution struck me as in the worst taste imaginable.

ONCE more the foreword to *Kiss of Death* assures us that the film was shot in the streets of New York. While the camera plays on the various grades of window, the commentator—a girl's voice this time—explains how Nick Bianco (Victor Mature) got sent to Sing-Sing for robbing an expensive jeweller's to get Christmas presents for his kiddies because as an ex-convict and son of a convict he never had a fair chance to get an honest job.

Once the commentator (Coleen Gray) has appeared on the screen, to visit Nick in Sing-Sing, all fancy notions are forgotten and the film settles down to tell a competent tale of a gangster's revenge. The theme is honour among thieves—or whatever criminal code it is that rates "squealing" as lower than robbery with assault. Nick can't be persuaded to squeal to please the assistant district attorney (Brian Donlevy)—who is if possible a more sentimental type than Nick himself.

Later when he finds his own colleagues have broken faith he agrees to squeal, unfortunately leaving at large the least sentimental of those colleagues.

Perhaps because of the authentic backgrounds (kept in place as backgrounds) this unifying tale achieves some of the old vigour of the gangster film. Its main distinction, I am sorry to say, is, however, the appearance of Richard Widmark as the subhuman sadist whose wrath Nick incurs. Mr. Widmark rivals and resembles Dan Duryea in his ability to curdle the blood. He affects a fiendish cackle, and when he liquidates another colleague's Mum can establish belief in methods

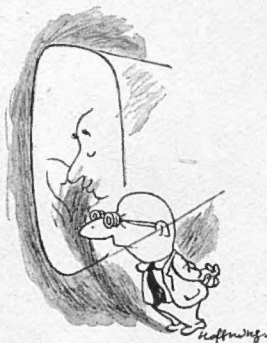
more dreadful than any we could be shown. Another good type for the Rogues-Gallery First Class is Taylor Holmes as lawyer to the crooks' combine. From what we are shown there seemed to me little enough to choose, ethically speaking, between hero and villain.

As a film fiction *Berlin Express* (London Pavilion) is certainly the worst of the three pictures which start off in semi-documentary style. Perversely I found it the most enjoyable. It keeps up its semi-documentary manner almost to the end. The emphasis really is on the background: Occupied Germany, namely Frankfurt and ultimately Berlin. The story, such as it is, is the barest excuse for a tour of the ruins conducted by a March of Time-ish commentator, sardonic—perhaps justifiably—at the expense of the occupation authorities. Bizonia is obviously more interesting material for documentary than the more familiar backgrounds; skeletons of cities are hideously photogenic; and until the story gets the upper hand the film succeeds in giving what I take to be a true impression of the multilingual chaos that is Germany under Allied occupation.

As for the lurid rigmorale of love and friendship among three Allied men—American (Robert Ryan), English (Robert Coote), Russian (Roman Toporow)—and a girl (Merle Oberon) of undeclared nationality but suspected French accent, who try to save a good German (Paul Lukas) for world peace from the Nazi underground, it won't do even as an excuse.

WESTERNS always have depended on background and *Silver River* (Warner) is just an old-fashioned Western. Without any more elaborate preamble than a caption about the Battle of Gettysburg it plunges into the usual prodigal display of wide open spaces and galloping horses. The star, unluckily, is Errol Flynn with Ann Sheridan very much thrown in, and for a Western the story's morals are surely very mixed. For Mr. Flynn sends off Miss Sheridan's husband (Bruce Bennett) to certain death among the Indians and then carries her off to live happily ever afterwards. How this is reconciled with any existing code of censorship I am not clear. Perhaps it is by Thomas Mitchell, as a drunken lawyer, citing the biblical precedent of David and Uriah; or more likely by Mr. Flynn's perfunctory show of setting out to rescue Mr. Bennett when both he and we know it to be too late.

A more tricky critical poser of the week is whether to award the prize for imperturbable acting to Mr. Flynn or Miss Oberon. A majority, I gather, favours Miss Oberon, but I award my booby prize to Mr. Flynn—if only because I thought Miss Oberon, even with French accent, betrayed a spark of something more like life than she showed the previous week in *Night Song*.



MAURICE CHEVALIER— MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

After an absence of twelve years Maurice Chevalier returns to the screen under the direction of the famous master of film comedy, René Clair, in *Le Silence est d'Or* at the Rialto. He is seen here with his co-star, Marcelle Derrien, who takes the part of the ingénue with whom the worldly wise film producer falls in love, only to lose her to his

assistant, practising the wiles his chief has taught him. The setting is a film studio of 1906 and the picture won the Grand Prix as the best film shown at the World Film Festival at Brussels last year. Marcelle Derrien is the twenty-year-old daughter of a French naval officer, and was chosen for this film, her first, from four hundred applicants



George Bilainkin.

TRAVELLING IN EUROPE

BELGRADE. Ducks and geese stopped feeding to glance curiously as I walked along the village path to a new school hidden between the thickly-covered mountains of the Republic of Slovenia and the river frontier with the Republic of Croatia. For I was in the birthplace of the son of a modest peasant who has hit and kept the world headlines for four years of war and so-called peace. And having studied the tidy, modernly fenestrated school and the register, which showed what sort of boy Josip Broz had been before he became Marshal Josip Broz-Tito, I chatted over wine with local acquaintances in the inn. Among them was Josip Broz, junior, nephew, in clean white shirt with open neck, grey trousers and brown cap. Two years ago he left the house where Tito was born, for this has now become a national shrine, and lives in a specially built home a few yards down the road.

The villagers told me with regret that they had not heard the eight-hour speech by Tito which almost everyone in the federal people's Republic of Yugoslavia listened to a few days ago. As the one radio set in the village had failed them, the speech was delivered at the opening of the Fifth Congress of the Yugoslav Communist Party in circumstances of astonishing complexity. The cheering by the Yugoslav delegates, nearly 2500 men and women, with many decorations for bravery during the Partisan struggle against the Germans, the despised Italians and all kinds of quislings, continued for four minutes.

PRESIDENTS and premiers, generals and soldiers, Yugoslavs and foreigners have visited the latest shrine of Tito's people, and left their signatures in the book. It is kept in the bedroom, near the family's former bread oven, on which are to be recognised panels with the sign of the cross. Was young Broz not entered in the school register as a Roman Catholic?

Yugoslavia's party Congress announced that it wishes a Soviet Commission of inquiry to come and investigate the strongly denied Cominform charges. To the people here who read newspapers for their news the allegations seem grotesque, unfair and insulting.

How, I am asked, can Yugoslavia be anti-Soviet? Was Tito's wife not Russian? Did the son, Jarko, not lose an arm on the Russian front, where he fought as a Partisan? Did Jarko not marry a Russian? Has she not given him a son, now aged seven months? Did Tito's brother, Slavko, not send two sons to Russian military academies? Handsome in his well-cut civilian coat of light hue and in flawlessly-creased trousers, Tito, who does not nearly look fifty-six, left Belgrade within an hour of securing his anticipated, obviously popular victory.

THE fervour of affection for the subject of the picture to be seen in almost every shop-window, in every hall, in nearly every private home, is mystic. I heard workers in a vast factory chanting "Tito-Stalin, Tito-Stalin" with the deepest emotion. I heard university undergraduates chanting "Tito-Partia, Tito-Partia," while they rested from the voluntary task of digging trenches, piling bricks, moving earth on the site of the splendid new Belgrade, with infectious passion. The girls danced and sang as they might at a religious revival; the light shone in their big blue eyes.

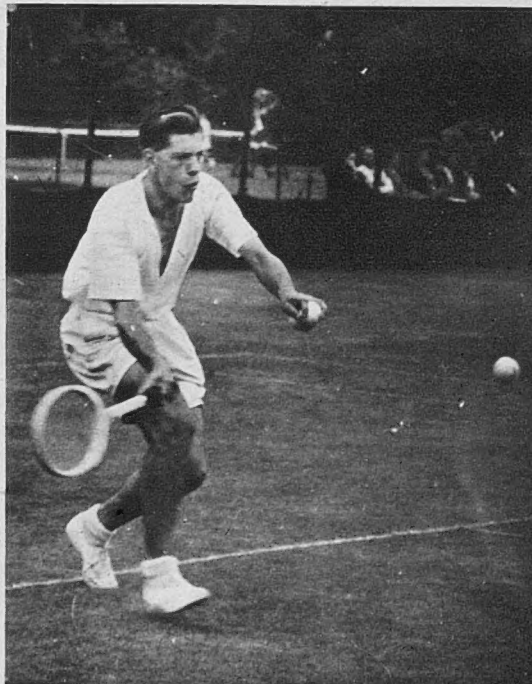
Perhaps the Yugoslavs remember that Tito spent six or more years in prison for his political beliefs, was often tortured but returned defiance; that he was wounded while leading the National Liberation Armies and waged battles against immeasurable odds. The ever-abiding impression of our last two-and-a-half hours' talk in his palace was the modesty with which he revealed for the first time how he deceived and challenged the Germans in Belgrade. It would be difficult to dim the light of a people's victory in that stern but often relaxed face.



At the clubhouse entrance: behind, R. Seldon, Miss Judy Nicholson and E. L. Rees. In front, Dave Menharg, a visitor from U.S.A. who competed, and Miss Gillian Rowe

TENNIS IN THE NEW FOREST

Young players of the New Forest Club, Brockenhurst, hold their annual tournament to decide the Junior Championships of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight.



Fifteen-year-old P. Moth making a vigorous return during a heavy shower



Miss Shirley Crouch, another of the 100 entrants, played with style and finish



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Miss Anne Dibden and Mlle. Jacqueline Duval, from Paris, watching the play

Miss Judy Corbett and Miss Shaunagh Crew enjoy a drink in the clubroom after their match

Miss Elizabeth Paterson-Owens and Miss Patricia Thomas await their turn to play

Miss Heather Aitken, Miss Virginia Collinge, Capt. Cecil Sutton, and Miss Margaret Swindell



Miss Shirley Crouch leaving the courts with Miss Pamela Forrester and Miss Lyndis Swinburne.

Miss Maureen Stewart, Miss Elizabeth Simson and Neville Atkinson, who beat last year's Boys' Singles champion in the first round

Mrs. Bailey dispenses tea in the old cottage to Marcus Forman, Miss E. Paterson-Owens (standing), Miss Jean Ormiston and John Bristowe



Miss M. Booth, a left-handed player, runs up to make a return

Some members of the Committee: Mr. F. H. Whittington, Mrs. G. D. Boughton, Mr. V. H. T. Filds-Clarke and Mr. Noel Sutton

Tasker, Press Illustrations



The Son and Heir of Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, of Castle Leod, Strathpeffer, was recently christened at St. Anne's Church, Strathpeffer. This group, taken after the christening, includes Baron Stackelberg, of Erchless Castle, Viscount Tarbat, Lt.-Col. Edward Blunt-Mackenzie (grandfather), Viscountess Tarbat with the baby, the Hon. John Ruairidh Grant Blunt-Mackenzie, the Countess of Cromartie (grandmother), Lady Isobel Linda (aunt), Mr. Eric Linklater and Mr. Patrick Smith

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AFTER Goodwood I stayed on at Angmering for the second week of the "Sussex Fortnight," which includes racing at Brighton and Lewes. Angmering is one of the few unspoilt and quiet seaside towns of England, with no charabancs or fun fairs, lovely sands for the children, and for those who want to take exercise, riding for miles on the beach, safe bathing, good shrimping, and a good golf course near by. There are numerous picturesque houses, with their gardens a blaze of colour with pink and blue hydrangeas, antirrhinums and roses, which flourish in this part of the country. On Saturday nights, as in pre-war days, many residents and visitors change into evening dress and gather together at the Blue Peter Club for a dinner dance. This little spot, with its aquatic murals, is partly built out over the sea and gives one the impression of being on board ship.

IMOTORED over for one day of the Brighton three-day summer race meeting and found the stands packed with holiday-makers. The Duke of Norfolk, who is a Steward of the meeting, came over from nearby Arundel Castle with the Duchess of Norfolk and their three little daughters, the Ladies Anne, Mary and Sara Fitzalan-Howard, looking sweet in pale-blue coats and scarlet shoes. His sister, Lady Rachael Davidson, whose horse ran third in the last race, brought her small son Duncan.

The big race that afternoon, the Brighton Cup, was won by Mr. Stanhope Joel's good-looking Fair Trial colt Refresher. Mr. Joel and his attractive wife, who had both only returned the week before from Bermuda, were there to see the victory.

Before this race the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk took their three small daughters, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the experience, into the ring to watch the horses parade. In the next race they saw their uncle, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, ride their mother's horse Birdforth, which ran third. The race was won easily by Mr. John Hislop, one of the best of our amateur riders, on Fast Soap, who received a tremendous cheer from the crowd as he sailed past the post ten lengths ahead of the French

horse Bangkok, ridden by Mr. Teddy Underdown. Also watching the racing on this very enjoyable afternoon were the Hon. John Warrender and his pretty wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bligh, Lord and Lady Manton, with Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington, also Mr. Pat Dennis, Mrs. John Hislop, Major-Gen. Feilden and Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who both had runners during the afternoon. Lady Anderson, whom I meet more often at diplomatic or musical gatherings than racing, had come over from her Sussex home, and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish was with Miss Catherine de Trafford and Sir Humphrey de Trafford.

FROM Angmering I went down to Torquay to see something of the second half of the Olympic yacht-racing. I arrived to find the harbour full of small craft and the frigate H.M.S. Tremadoc Bay, with Lt.-Cdr. Gabbett Mulhellen in charge, anchored near the pier. After dinner, as we stood on the terrace of the Imperial Hotel, which has a commanding view right out over the bay, there was a wonderful spectacle. The moon was rising, lights twinkled from the houses around the bay, and from the harbour craft and bigger boats. To crown it all, there was a display of fireworks arranged by the Torquay Corporation.

Pride of place in the bay was given to H.M. the King of Norway's gleaming white yacht the Norge, which had on board the Crown Prince of Norway, Commodore of the Olympic Regatta and special delegate of the I.Y.R.A., with the Crown Princess and their daughters, the Princesses Ragnhild and Astrid, and their son, Prince Harald. A little farther out lay the battleship H.M.S. King George V. (always fondly referred to as the K.G.5), with Capt. H. Dalrymple-Smith in command, while near by were the aircraft-carrier Victorious, with Capt. N. V. Dickinson in command, and H.M.S. Anson, commanded by Capt. D. Orr-Ewing.

ENTERTAINING in the neighbourhood was continuous during the Olympics. The three local yacht clubs—the Royal Torbay, the Torquay and the Corinthian—all gave cocktail parties for the visitors; Paignton Corporation

gave a large party and Brixham Corporation a reception. The Royal Navy, always the most hospitable hosts, gave several parties on board.

During the first week, Mr. F. G. Mitchell, Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, was host at a dinner and reception given at the Imperial by the Commodore, flag officers and members of the R.C.Y.C. to visitors from overseas. He had Mr. Waddington-Smyth and Mr. C. Peto Bennett, both vice-commodores, to help him entertain the guests, who included Don Juan of Spain and his brother, Don Jaime, who had come ashore from a Spanish ship in the bay on which they were guests, Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt, both keen sailing enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. Piries, Sir Reginald Leeds, and M. Ferraz, leader of the Brazilian team, accompanied by Mme. Ferraz.

OTHERS included Mr. Paul Smart, from the U.S., and his wife. He was racing the Hilarius in the Star class and came third the day I was watching the racing. His young son, Hilary, was also racing during the week. Another guest was Senhor Dr. Carlos de Cardenas, from Cuba, with his sixteen-year-old son Carlos, the youngest competitor in the yachting events. An interesting American at the party was Mr. Ralph Craig, who was a member of the U.S. team and crewed one of their boats. He was, I believe, the only competitor there who had competed in the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm, when he was a runner and won both the 100 metres and the 200 metres. This year he carried the U.S. flag at the opening ceremony of the Olympics at Wembley. Another quiet and charming visitor, this time from South Africa, was Mr. Herbert McWilliams, who was representing South Africa in the Firefly class. Mr. McWilliams, whose father was a Scottish architect, is now a successful architect himself in Port Elizabeth.

On the first night of the second part of the racing Mr. Peter Scott, chairman of the Yacht Racing Association Olympic Committee, gave a dinner party, also at the Imperial Hotel, when the guests of honour were their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway, from the Norge. H.R.H. looked very elegant in a green and white

printed dress and a short white ermine wrap. Mr. Scott's other guests that evening included Sir Ralph and Lady Gore, who were staying with their son Brian, who farms in Devon. Sir Ralph, who is president of the International Yacht Racing Union, had missed that day's racing and only arrived in time for the dinner, as he had been weatherbound at Portland. Also in the party were Sir Arthur and Lady Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. N. Lowles and Miss Pepe Lowles, Mr. F. P. Osborne, Secretary of the International Y.R.U., with Mrs. Osborne, Major and Mrs. C. H. Chichester-Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dunlap, from the United States.

I was lucky in being invited on board a private launch one day to watch the racing, which I enjoyed enormously. It was a wonderful opportunity of getting a close-up view of the yachtsmen's skill. The keenness among competitors was tremendous, every man "at the ready" to do his particular job with rapidity and precision. Our chief interest was the 6-metre class. The winning boat that day was the Argentine Djinn, with Senhor E. Seiburger at the helm—Djinn will be remembered as a winner of many events on the Clyde last summer, when it represented the United States, who later sold her to the Argentine.

The British boat Johan came in fourth, a picturesque sight with her emerald-green hull and blue nylon spinnaker; Mr. Jimmy Hume was at the helm and had two of his sons as crew. The United States boat Llanoria, the ultimate winner of the Olympic 6-metre class, which had such a good record in the events and was leading in points at the start of that day's racing, had very bad luck. Splendidly handled by that fine yachtsman Mr. Herman Whiton and his crew, during the long beat to windward she moved up from fifth place to first and went ahead with a very big lead. She looked an easy winner, when in the last round the wind dropped and she ran into a calm (often one of the snags of this bay, I was told by an experienced sailor) and before she picked up the wind again was overtaken and passed by several of her more fortunate opponents.

Watching the Swallow class very intently from his boat the King Duck, I saw Mr. Tom Thornycroft, one of our most skilful yachtsmen, who designed the Swallow and was naturally very interested in their performance. Incidentally, he was chosen as the reserve to Mr. Stewart Morris, who raced the Swift in this class so magnificently to win ultimately for Great Britain. Mr. Morris ranks as one of the best yachtsmen in the country. He has scored many successes in the 14-ft. International Trophy class, and has the distinction of being champion five times.

Watching the racing on the King Duck with Mr. Thornycroft were, among others, Mr. Paul Dighe, Capt. Joe Brinton, R.N., a genial

personality of the yachting world, Mr. Joe Hannen and Mr. Richard Longland, of the B.B.C. Prince Olaf, who was on one of the official boats, had his young son with him watching the racing, and others taking the keenest interest were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Goodson, over from Waddeton Court; he will be remembered before the war racing that useful 12-metre boat Flica, and was recently one of the selection committee for the Olympic 6-metre class, which chose Johan at the end of the trials. With Mr. and Mrs. Goodson on board their launch Sea Pecker were their neighbours, Sir Clive and Lady Burn. Sir Arthur Young, the Member for the Partick Division of Glasgow, was in the Thendara, and Sir Reginald Leeds was watching from another boat. Later we passed Sir Peter and Lady Hoare from Luscomb Castle, who were watching the 6-metre class in their launch.

WHEN I came ashore I was taken off in a small rowing-boat manned by one of the many Sea Scouts who were on the shore, near the Harbour Master's office, ready to row people to and from the bigger boats and do any kind of errand on the water. My scout told me there were boys from all parts of the country and they were thoroughly enjoying this wonderful experience.

I afterwards paid a visit to the Marine Spa, which had been made into the Olympic Yachting Headquarters. Here crews and members of the teams from every country came in and over a cool drink or cup of tea were discussing the day's racing. The Corporation of Torquay are certainly to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements they made for everyone concerned with the Olympics. After being chosen as the venue for the yachting events of the XIVth Olympiad, they went ahead to make sure that all would run smoothly for visitors, whether from other parts of Britain or from the many foreign countries competing, and they certainly succeeded in their efforts.

AMONG those enjoying the facilities of this cosmopolitan meeting-place were M. Christopher Carlon, the popular manager of the Greek team, who is president of the Greek Yacht Racing Association, and a delightful young American couple, Miss Harriet Jackson and her brother Fred, over on vacation from Oyster Bay. Miss Jackson is a medical student, while her brother, who was one of the reserve crew of the U.S. team, is at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. Another visitor I met during my stay was Dr. Anselmo Viacava, who is Economic Adviser at the Argentine Embassy. He was duly thrilled at the success of the Argentine boat in the 6-metre class, especially as he had been instrumental in obtaining them new sails when the set they had ordered failed to arrive.



Phillip Athur

Viscountess Vaughan, wife of the Earl of Lisburne's son and heir, with their second son, the Hon. Michael John Wilmot Malet, after his christening at the Church of St. Thomas More, West Malling, Kent



Swaebe

The Hon. Alastair and Mrs. Buchan with their second son, Benjamin, after his christening at St. Mary's, Marylebone. Behind, Lord Tweedsmuir, Susan Lady Tweedsmuir and Capt. Duncan Crowe. Front (right), Mrs. Carew Robinson



Peter Wyndham

Mrs. Stephen Wright, wife of Capt. Stephen Wright of Memory Lodge, Marsden, Rendcombe, Glos., with their infant son, Nigel Camplon Wright, after his christening at All Saints Church, North Cerney, Cirencester, Glos.



E. C. Griffith

Lord and Lady Catto, with their first grandchild, David Bennett, at their home, Holmwood, Holmbury St. Mary, Dorking. On Lord Catto's right are his son and daughter, the Hon. Stephen Catto, and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Bennett. On his left are Lady Catto and the Hon. Isabel Catto. The Hon. Mrs. Bennett has now joined her husband at the British Legation in Bucharest



Lord and Lady Dunalley after the christening of their son Henry Francis Cornelius Prittie, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Lord Dunalley, who is the sixth baron, succeeded to the title in March of this year



Mr. Freddie Peshall's party at North Logie Almond, Perthshire, was one of the many which defied the heavy rain and mist of one of the bleakest "Twelfths" for several years. The host is on the right, next to the pannier pony, and the others include Mrs. Oakley-Beutler, Mrs. Gemmell, Mr. J. B. Orr, Mr. I. Parr, Mr. C. G. Gee, Major the Hon. Arthur Hazlerigg and Capt. L. A. H. Wright

The Rainy "Twelfth" in Scotland



Mr. T. M. Burrell's party at Lochan, Amulree. Left to right, Lady Mordaunt, Viscount Stormont, Col. and Mrs. G. Finlay, the Countess of Mansfield, Mr. John Douglas, the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. Burrell (the host), Col. Douglas, Sir Nigel Mordaunt and Mrs. Burrell



At Glenisla, Mr. S. Taylor's party set out from their cars. They included Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Leach from the Argentine, Col. Kitson and Col. Haslam



Two of Baroness Burton's party at Dochfour House, Inverness-shire, Mr. Arthur Lawson and Mr. Ian Baillie, setting out for the day



The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Hazlerigg, wife of Lord Hazlerigg's heir, with the first brace of grouse bagged by Mr. Peshall's party



Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey inspects part of the bag from the first drive over Gellen Moor, Aberdeenshire, displayed by head keeper Peter Menzies



Lord Dunboyne Takes a Party of Friends on the River after spending a day at Wembley watching the Olympic Games. Countess Charlotte Rabin, whose husband is an Attaché at the Danish Embassy, and Countess Wahi Armsfelt, who came over with the Finnish Olympic contingent, are with Mr. John Lewis on the left, and Lord Dunboyne is standing with Miss Barbara Horsfield, as the launch makes its way past Greenwich

Priseilla in Paris The Liberation Ice-Pudding

COMING up from the Island via the "National 23" road, I saw, with horror, the new mile—or, rather, kilometre—stones that mark the march of General Leclerc's liberating army. The first of these, an extra large-sized specimen, has been placed at the northern end of the Champ de Mars at Angers. It is difficult to conceive anything more unsightly, especially when seen in juxtaposition to the grand old houses of that city and a wonderful avenue of blooming magnolias.

Imagine a blunt cone of which the rounded top is circled by small stars in bas-relief while a hand, grasping a flaming torch, is plastered to the base. The colour is salmon pink and the design is picked out in a nauseous shade of crushed strawberry. The whole thing looks like a country town confectioner's ice-pudding. Lovers of beauty should band together and form an S.P.W.S.A., or Society for the Prevention of War-Souvenir Atrocities.

IF one is lucky enough to have a flat in an old house on the Left Bank, situated between an inner courtyard and a tree-shaded garden, I can think of no quieter place for a rest cure than Paris in August. If one has over-eaten—as I fear I have done, for eggs, shell-fish, and all sorts of *cochonaille* were plentiful on the Island—the difficulties of revictualling in town quickly reduce one to normal proportions, unless one can afford to buy everything under the counter or to patronise the pleasant but so expensive restaurants of the Bois.

Most of the theatres are closed, so one goes

to bed early. One's gayer friends are rioting in Normandy, on the Riviera or on the Basque Coast, so there are no parties, and while the big shops are always open, one's special *petites maisons* have their shutters down and the *mille notes* cease to fly.

SOON, of course, the theatres will reopen and lovers of light music will be able again to see *La Marseillaise* at the Châtelet. Beautifully produced with enchanting décors and costumes, well sung and acted, the old story of Napoleon and the washerwoman, retold to music, helps one to pass a really pleasant evening. At the Vieux Colombier, that has remained open all summer, *Lucienne et le Boucher*, brilliantly created by Valentine Tessier, whose daughter is Sir Charles Cochran's god-child, is still playing to crowded houses. Sartre's great hit, *Les Mains Sâles*, which will be revived in the early autumn, has been replaced by the French version of *French Without Tears* at the Théâtre Antoine. . . . Since Paris caters just now for the tourists—not wisely, if too well—all the music-halls are open, of course.

VISITORS to Paris are complaining of the high cost of the public conveyances. I agree. It costs fifty francs to go, by motor-bus, from where I live to a certain street in the Vincennes district, and the journey takes about twenty minutes. Forty years ago one could get a return ticket from London to Boulogne for the same price, and one had a

whole day's entertainment as well, with a spot of *mal de mer* thrown in, if one was so disposed! It would be easy to indulge in this malady on the Paris buses, for they beat all speed records, and the way they shake one up has to be endured to be believed.

The only crowds I have seen since my return have been at the few dress shows I have attended with the vague hope of finding out how much longer I may wear the frocks I ordered for Princess Elizabeth's visit. Since to be well-dressed does not necessarily mean mere smartness, I feel, judging from what I have seen so far, that I need not worry. There are no great changes.

THE *couturier* of the moment is Jean Dessès. His new installation in the ancient home of Eiffel—the builder of the tower of that name—is sumptuous . . . so was the buffet, so were the Excellencies and minor Royalties. The walls of the old rooms have been covered with gold-leaf and, to quote Simone Baron, "the place looks like one of the palaces of the Fourth Republic . . . less the dirt!"

The *nioulouque* is still with us, but one is blasé, and even the more bizarre interpretations of what is, after all, a very feminine mode, have ceased to make us smile. Skirts are longer or shorter, according to the place and hour where and when they are worn. Their cost soars. Purse-strings will still have to be loosened, while corset-strings—by which I mean *guèpière* strings—will be tightened more than ever. This is hard luck on *monsieur le mari*, and, I think, harder luck still on next year's crop of babies.



The eventual winner of the Star class, Hilarius (U.S.), with H. H. Smart at the tiller, pointing very close to the wind during one of the races

“The Tatler”
at Torquay

FOR THE OLYMPIC YACHT RACING

The very exciting racing in Torbay was one of the high spots of the Olympic Games, and the gatherings ashore emphasised the fine spirit of comradeship which lay behind the rivalry afloat. (See also overleaf)



H. Bryner (Switzerland), E. Stutterneum (Holland), D. Salata (Italy), Miss Daphne Fisher and A. Bryner



S. G. Hedberg (Sweden) with the Hon. Mrs. John Davy and B. Groce (Italy), vice-president of the Italian Y.R.U.



A Scandinavian table: M. Madsen, Mrs. W. E. Berntsen, W. E. Berntsen, Klaus Baess, Ulle Berntsen (Denmark) and Hugo Johnson (Sweden)



The Swedish team manager, M. Bertil Matton, has a drink with Major Mike Russell and Miss Daphne Fisher



Don Juan, claimant of the Spanish Throne, with his brother, Don Jaime, Duke of Seville



Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, wife of the Commodore of the R.C.Y.C., with Mr. Herman Whiton (U.S.), helmsman of the winning 6-metre Llanoria

THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN Y.C. ENTERTAINS VISITING TEAMS



Mrs. Curry and Señor Dr. Carlos de Cardenas (Cuba) were two more of the guests at the Imperial Hotel dinner and reception



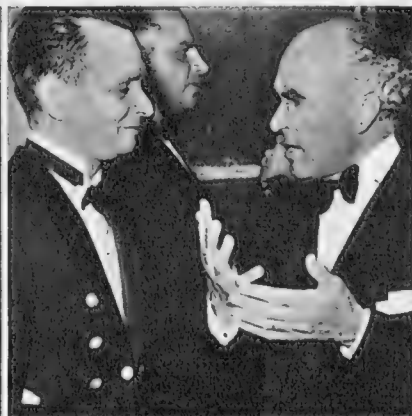
E. T. Westerlund (Finland), skipper of the 6-metre Raili, with E. G. A. Falngren, who sailed the Finnish Firefly



Lady Leeds, wife of Sir Reginald Leeds, Commodore of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, with Paul McLaughlin (Canada) and H. H. Williams (South Africa), Firefly sailors



Three of the hosts, Mr. F. G. Mitchell, Commodore, Mr. Waddington-Smyth and Mr. C. Peto Bennett, Vice-Commodores of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club



J. M. Alonso Allende, helmsman of the Spanish Star class yacht, with Mr. Berkeley Hollyer, Public Relations Officer of Torquay



Mr. Douglas Hume, who crewed in the 6-metre Johan, which his father skippered, with Miss June Spencer Spriggs, daughter of Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs

Morgan, Paignton

TORQUAY

(Continued)



Mrs. Berntsen helps Paul Elvstrom (Denmark), final winner of the Firefly class, to prepare his boat for a race



Mrs. Julian K. Roosevelt was with Mrs. Russell Woolen, from Kenya, and Mrs. Geoffrey Lowles



Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hall and Miss Patricia Hall on Mr. Hall's launch



Mr. J. H. Pollard watches his daughter, Mrs. P. Glanfield, making fast to the jetty the motor-launch Wendala



Col. R. Blewitt with Sir Arthur Young, M.P. for the Partick Division of Glasgow



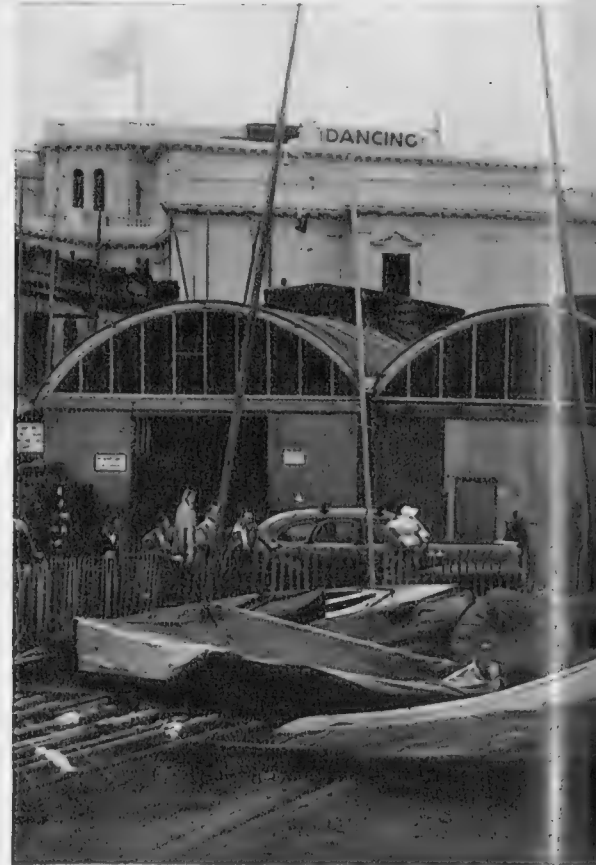
Dr. Carlos de Cardenas (Cuba) with his sixteen-year-old son. Their yacht was second in the Star class



Lt. J. W. Gilbert, R.N., and Miss J. Seymour at a celebration ashore



Mr. J. R. Stopford Grygier and Mr. T. Stopford



The sails of the Fireflies are hoisted and footed for the Olympic Week

They Were at the Yacht



Mrs. D. Hayes with Cdr. C. Bromfield Payne, R.N., at the Imperial Hotel



Mr. J. H. Bootham Wells, Lord



K. Andrea, Miss E. waiting to board their the racing



Miss P. Windeatt and Miss A. Woolen wore extremely serviceable nautical rig for the occasion

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M. J. Laroque, Mr. J. G. Lowles, Mr. S. Hall, Cdr. Peter Scott (chairman Y.R.A. Olympic Committee) and M. Burrel Thenard (president, French Federation)



ught in for the crews before the start of a race. A description
n by Jennifer on pages 234-235.

Photographs by Swaebe

ing World's Greatest Festival



ing to Sir Frederick
r of London



Miss A. Woolen, Mr. Simon Woolen, Miss P. Lowles and Mr. Russell Woolen off for an interim game of tennis



Mr. B. W. Anson May, Vice-Commodore of the Punto del Este Yacht Club, Uruguay, with Mrs. David Row and Mr. David Row, who is in the Navy



Joan Gilley works with a good will at swabbing down the deck of her father's launch, Silvery Harvest



"... the urge to take a crack at Goldilocks"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

A RECENT hosting, gallimaufry, or rally of bears under the High Pyrenees has been described by Auntie Times as "causing anxiety to farmers," which is painfully genteel. "Evoking great hairy agglutinative Basque oaths in farmers" would be nearer the truth.

What brings the bears down from those high enchanted hills is probably less a desire to vex the Basques than the urge to take a crack at Goldilocks, by which generic name we designate all formidable great ramping Nordic blondes in shorts carrying rucksacks and known to their sun-chafed mates as "Tigger," or "Bumbles." The High Pyrenees see Goldilocks stamping along, roaring chanties from *The Weekend Book* in a deep bass voice, far oftener nowadays than they did. A local word for her is probably current, incomprehensible as Etruscan. As for the Pyrenean bears, they probably assume all that generously-exposed carnal tissue to be edible, in which they are deceived. Goldilocks is tougher than thrice-tanned Cordovan leather.

What puzzles the Basques (and not only the Basques) is that Goldilocks' mate is rarely formidable, but often subservient and harassed, even apologetic, in expression. Down in the plains on the Spanish side they explain this by an old shrugging proverb: "God created them, and they came together." (*Dios los cria y ellos se juntan.*)

Rap

THREE HUNDRED downcast hussies at a Somerset girls' school recently took a public rap from their retiring headmistress for "a pronounced tendency to lying," which is deplorable; and goes back to Miss Beale and Miss Buss, Victorian pioneers of modern women's education, as it is called.

Before the Beale-Buss régime, what was the school-life of an English Rose? Half the term (we gather from a noted Georgian treatise called *The Governess, or The Little Female Academy*) she was having her chemise clawed off by other English Roses in savage fighting, the other half she presumably spent in the infirmary. She had no need of lying, a weapon used chiefly by girls who do not pack a hay-maker. The only liar in that pre-Roedean establishment is, in fact, a smooth non-combatant type named Miss Jenny, who addresses her bleeding little playmates, after an enjoyable massacre, thus:

"My dear Friends and School-fellows, you cannot imagine the Happinefs it gives me to fee you all fo heartily reconciled. . . ."

One eye obviously on Mrs. Teachum, headmistress, who falls for it, instead of denouncing this whey-faced chit in a tirade such as:

"Rat me, Mifs Jenny, what is this fingle-fangle Stuff? I doubt you are too nice, forfooth, to take a Pafing! Why, Hufsy, do you not know that an Englifh Gentlewoman's deareft Happinefs, while purfuing her Education, is to take a Poke on the Nofe from Perfons of Quality fuch as" etc., etc.

How terrible to think of an untruthful girl! Faugh!

Model

UNDOUBTEDLY the ruined house of J. M. W. ("Sunsets") Turner, R.A., in Cheyne Walk should be restored, as the Chelsea Society is demanding. Apart from being a memorial to a great painter it is a constant reminder to the Chelsea boys of the proper way to lead the Bohemian Life.

You never found uninvited sweethearts turning any of Turner's studio-parties into a shambles. By means of an alias or two and sound staff-work, Turner ran his various domestic establishments so smoothly and kept them so secret and apart that the Race never suspected him, still less his virtuous brethren of the Academy. "Sunsets, not upsets" was that boy's slogan. Thus Turner always had a refuge at hand, with a quiet homely pan or two to soothe him, such as many of the Chelsea boys long for.



"A simple one-piece suit of coarse gray sailcloth"

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks
the dew,

And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue . . .

Once all guests had been ejected from this haven and the mess cleaned up, the boys would find the same repose Turner found, no doubt. Observe incidentally that Turner went to all this trouble chiefly to spare the feelings of the R.A. You can never get Chelsea to grasp this, we find.

Warning

IN 1798—don't let a tiny dollop of history put you off your stroke—the French Directory, having re-established the Terror, ordered its official artist, David, to design a compulsory State uniform for all French citizens. Fortunately Napoleon shortly became First Consul and killed the scheme.

We mention it because some featherpate was recently alleging with a light laugh that such things can't Happen Here. He underrated some of our Jacobins. A chap in close touch tells us nothing is more likely than a State uniform for the Race quite soon, following total nationalisation. It will be very like that viewed in a vision by Max Beerbohm's friend Enoch Soames; a simple one-piece suit of coarse gray

sailcloth with a large oval numberplate of metal. Heads will be shaved monthly.

Footnote

WE asked this chap if any badge of special ignominy will be worn by Tories from cradle to grave. He said there won't be any Tories. We find this fact has indeed been prophesied by an old Welch bard. Rough translation:

On the clothes-lines of Berkeley Square,
Long lines of tiny Tories' nappies in the breeze
Feed my burning hate.

I shake my fist

At rows of little pants for the five-year-old vermin
spawn of Grand Dames of the Primrose League,
Flaunting on glossy counters

At the Army & Navy Stores. In Savile Row
Tailors with insolent gestures sewing gold back-
buttons on natty trousers destined for mem-
bers of the Carlton Club,

Continue to defy me; but not for long.

With heartfelt glee

I behold in dens off Aldgate

Hags with obscene and bloodless lips weaving
shrouds . . .

For whom?

All right, caddie—No. 3.

Lepidoptera

WHY there are so many butterflies about has been revealed to the Press by a Nature-lover. A hard winter kills off enemies of the pupæ, a mild winter does not.

This leaves still unsolved a perpetual problem of the late Robert Benchley, namely how and why butterflies get into one's stomach halfway through a party. Harley Street masks its ignorance as usual by waving a large white hand and crying "Neurosis." This diagnosis can be rebutted by the experiences of many late-Victorian poets who had trouble with lepidoptera, including internal black butterflies called from the tomb—t, o, m, b—of some enchanted past by that strange sphinx, the soul. Another case, that of Wilde's little Japanese girl in *Le Panneau*:

And now she gives a cry of fear,

Her cheek is white, her lute is dumb;

For butterflies are in her tum,

Though how or why does not seem clear.

Quoting from memory, we may have mixed this up with another case in which a butterfly at a café-table suddenly gives a weary laugh; but one may at least say that many of the boys suffered actual persecution from butterflies, especially after a thick night at the Café Royal.

Call on *The Lancet* some time and say Joe sent you.

The decorations are by A. J. Gregory, in the absence of Wysard—on holiday.



Col. the Baron de Roebeck, joint hon. secretary, with the Baroness (centre) and Mrs. Archer-Houblon



Huntsmen and hounds giving a loudly applauded display in the jumping enclosure. Next season the Hunt will have a new Master, Major Michael Beaumont, formerly M.P. for Aylesbury



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Denis Daly, of Blessington, Co. Wicklow, watching the hunters being judged



Major and Mrs. Michael Beaumont. Major Beaumont is a brother-in-law of Sir Ernest Davis-Goff, Bt.

The Kildare Hunt Horse Show at Naas



Miss Una Reddy with Mr. C. Beckman's Tres Chick, winner of the Naas Harriers cup for four-year-old hunters



Lady Carew (left), wife of Lord Carew, with her small daughter, the Hon. Diana Connolly-Carew, and Miss J. Martin



Mrs. Frank Boylan, a popular member of the Kildare Hunt, with her daughter, Miss M. Boylan



Miss Elizabeth Mansfield, a children's section steward, leading Martin de Roebeck on Trixie



Miss Avia Daly, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Denis Daly, with her pony Colleen at the Show



A Luncheon at Armoury House, City Road, headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company, was recently given by the 11th H.A.C. Regiment to Mr. Charles E. James, of Durban, in return for wartime hospitality. Mr. James served in the H.A.C. in World War I. The above group was taken in the Long Room, and shows, seated, Capt. T. Sutton, Brigadier W. A. Ebbles, C.B.E., M.C., Mr. A. G. Walker, Mr. Charles E. James, Major C. A. J. Whyte, T.D., Major J. McDermid, T.D. Standing, Capt. S. P. H. Simonds, M.C., R.H.A., Capt. A. E. C. Green, Major W. P. Shovelton, Lt.-Col. J. R. E. Benson, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. J. S. Martin, M.C., R.A.M.C., Lt.-Col. R. E. K. Norwood, M.B.E., R.E.M.E., Capt. J. M. Page, M.C., Capt. G. Buchanan, Major P. Poland, Major G. C. De Boinville, M.C., Major J. R. Charles, M.C., Capt. R. N. Smith, M.C., Capt. J. P. Thomson-Glover, M.C., Capt. M. L. Gilbert, Lt.-Cmdr. P. Barber, D.S.C. R.N., Capt. R. L. Marshall, Major R. C. Croxton, T.D., Mr. H. C. Tremellen, Lt. R. L. Trapnell, Major W. C. Cole, Mr. L. R. Riches, Mr. M. J. Thurston, Major J. A. Hill, T.D., Col. H. W. O'Brien, M.C., T.D., and Capt. G. T. L. Dowdney

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

LONG years ago, before anyone had ever heard of Chu Chin Chow of China or the late Mr. Al Capone, there existed in the lovely Isle of Sicily some gentlemen called Carbonari, who were much more explosive than Mount Etna, and who, so it was currently reported, if you so much as bumped into in the High Street of Palermo, or anywhere else, were certain to go off with a deafening bang, so great was the store of dynamite, to say nothing of pistols, they had concealed about their persons.

This was in those piping times of peace, when even the Boer War was a hazy memory, and it was fashionable for those bent upon widening their minds to make the Grand Tour. The Carbonari were one of the guides' show-pieces, and quite popular with the high-brow tourist, in spite of the fact that they reeked to Heaven of garlic and he-goat; but as most Italian guides did the same, this did not matter very much. This, it must be repeated, was when the world was slumbering in a fat sleep of peace.

We are now once again technically at peace; but what do we find? Why, that the Carbonari, who had never so much as heard of nuclear fission, are completely outclassed. Look east, look west, look north, look south, and you can find in these times—when the Lion and the Lamb, as personified by a thing called Uno, are supposed to be sharing the same nest and lapping dill water out of the same saucer—a pretty picture! Everyone, somewhere or other, sharpening his knife on his boot, the while he babbles of peace on earth, sucking-doves and brotherly love. It is a grimly humorous cartoon.

The Khyber

IF Stalingrad had not held, and if the "Slim" 14th Army had not first of all stopped the rot in Burma, and then scattered the Japanese invading force like chaff, the new defences on the Main Road into India, completed in the autumn of 1942, would have come into action and been tested to the full. It would have been lucky if they had not been taken in reverse by the irruption into the plains from the south-east. These defences still remain, so do others to the west, along the far-stretching line of the North-West Frontier, and are as modern and as strong as

any static line can be made. This is no secret, for the rough details were published nigh upon four years ago, and the general scheme was probably in the enemy's possession even before that.

"Agents" are not far to seek in a region where money talks even louder than it does elsewhere in the world and a human life is worth much less than a rifle. The outlook of the diligent and thrifty inhabitants is purely economic, and the highest bidder wins every time. Tank traps, flame traps, gun chambers hewn out of the rocky cliffs—they are all there, as good as mortal man can make them—real stoppers in such a terrain to anything that moves upon the earth. That is as far as anyone dare go *vis-à-vis* the totally different weapons which modern war has brought into being. The threat from the south-east has been temporarily eliminated, thanks to S.E.A.C. and India's last Viceroy, but...

BRIGGS—by Graham



How About the N.-W.F.?

THERE is this other end, and in view of the enormous front upon which deployment would be necessary in the event of a rumpus, can a single man be spared when, and if, the emergency arises? We had a very considerable concentration in those parts from 1942 onwards. To-day it is a shadow by comparison, and has been still further reduced. There are many strange stories afoot, and some come from beyond the snows of the Hindu-Kush. K. of K. reviewed the whole position, but at that time neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki had happened. It would repay anyone to read a part of Kitchener's "appreciation" quoted on page 145 of the late Sir George Arthur's *Life of Lord Kitchener*.

The problem is a hundredfold more difficult to-day. It may also help to fill in the picture as Lord Kitchener saw it—and it has not changed in the passing of the years—if the following passage from his views written in 1905, be quoted:

India is no longer in her former fortunate position of comparative isolation, in which she had merely to guard against possible rebellion within her border, and protect her frontiers from the tribesmen and adjoining native states. Slowly but surely the deserts of Central Asia, which were once believed to be an impenetrable barrier, have been crossed by a Great European Power. They are now spanned by railways which have only one possible significance: and we have every indication that our northern neighbour (Afghanistan) is pushing forward her preparations for the contest in which we shall have to fight for existence.

Has anyone solved the puzzle how now to hold the Kandahar-Ghuzni-Kabul line? That would be the almost inevitable area of conflict if the fight were on ancient lines with ancient weapons. But it may be upon very different lines with the most modern weapons. How will the "High Street" then be held, and will not the troops be a bit thin on the ground, even if it only comes to an old-pattern fight? Are we still committed to help the Ruler of India's northern buffer State to hold that crucial line, Afghanistan's northern frontier, and if we are not, will the Amir believe that the batsman who is now in can do so; or will he consider that it is the other side of his bread that is buttered?

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 13)

This well-upholstered bird, in its heedless imitations of St. Simeon Stylites, often finds itself in positions of extreme delicacy

ADULT MALE: General colour above greeny-fulvous, shading to pink as the bird nears the ground, or crimson when tree tumbling; bears a silken, umbrella-like crest which assists the bird in flight when open and even more so when not open; this crest may be discarded at will when the bird is not in flight. Beak curved and hop-tinted; mandibles blue; body feathers sombre and loosely fitting; shanks sturdy; feet rubbery and nimble, the bird being capable of showing a fine turn of speed when startled in a spinney or any shrubbery of a confined nature.

HABITS: This little member of the Warrior Warbler genus is most graceful to watch as it comes plummeting out of the heavens at a most nerve-racking speed then, before the observer can say "Strop," the bird's crest has opened and it spirals gracefully and gratefully down to earth. Upon alighting the bird will discard its crest and completely bewilder the observer by its oddly erratic little run towards aught that may offer cover; should the bird find itself estranged from its flock it will be far more erratic and much more bewildered than the observer. It is rather interesting to watch the antics of the bird when it is engaged in tumbling about in the upper boughs of some forest giant; at this time the bird has a peculiarly raucous cry, a kind of "xxx!! oo??", repeated at short intervals until either (a) the bough breaks, or (b) the bird flops, heavily, on to the ground where it is able to flit, furtively, off to some welcome cover.

HABITATS: Although the bird spends no little time in trees it does not nest there from choice, preferring the more sheltered salutiferous confines of buildings and butteries where its fluid intake may be found.



The Umbrella Crested Sky Lark—or Tree Tumbler

(Isthlitelbitinbetween-Aedontilaec)

Scoreboard

OUTSIDE the window there is a convention of magpies. They bounce about in black tails and white waistcoats, declaring non-dividend, because, like other directors, they have already swallowed most of the fruit.

Annie III., having lost the daily Cow Derby by negligence and a crumpled horn, recovers slowly under a lime tree, ruminating on the genius of Pasteur and the success of the Olympic Games. My own thoughts circulate to Bournemouth; merry, bracing, go-ahead Bournemouth, where youth seeks strength through joy, or is it joy through strength?

BOURNEMOUTH. "Already with thee; tender is the night." It was there, in the Consulship of D. Lloyd George, once the potential outside-left of Criccieth, that I played my second cricket match for the County of cider and cream (richer, to my indelicate maw, than the more publicised product of Devon) against Hampshire, and had their bold and brawny captain, now the third Baron Tennyson, caught in the slips off a ball that swerved both ways then caught fire.

A wonderful ball. Almost as wonderful as the ball that Sir James Barrie confessed to releasing about once a month, "so slow," he said, "that, if I didn't like the look of it, I could walk after it and fetch it back again." In the case of Tennyson v. Glasgow, the catcher was John Cornish White, that great and guileful slow left-hand bowler who, twenty years back, puzzled the Australian batsmen to death on their own fields and still has one of the best and most hospitable farms in England.

Bournemouth. Where Dan Godfrey twice

daily charmed with municipal melody; where I once saw the sweat pouring over the Eyebrows of the incomparable and unrepeatable George Robey as, from 3 to 3.30 p.m. of a dog-day he squeezed creaking smiles from the voluminous chops of demi-dead dowagers; where, at an evening meal in a fairly private



house, a host, after half-an-hour of silent meditation, remarked to his anxious guests, "No, we are not cutting the melon to-day."

Anglo-American librettists, please copy free of charge, and set to music pinched from Mozart or Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Bournemouth, where this very week the Yorkshire cricketers are the visitors. May hosts and guests alike enjoy this Festival, forgetting, in the delights of being erroneously adjudged l.b.w., the Radio next door, and the millions of invisible cigarettes, and letters beginning "unless," and, if they will, even the County Cricket Championship.

SO home again. For this is the Family season. Others may be bowling googlies with reluctant jelly-fish, exercising their faces with pink rock

or winks at the Girl in the Kiosk, airing purple cummerbunds on the carefree promenade, playing clock-golf with Aunty and a pint too much, or even secretly stuffing a slice of rubber galantine into that space between the wall and the radiator in the hotel dining-room; but, for us, a little domestic lawn tennis is the extent of desire and energy.

WE suit ourselves. When the wind is contrary, we step forward some paces and serve from what is, not inappropriately, called the Service line. When we are tired, or angry, we sit down on the grass; not like the Wimbledon champion, Mr. Falkenburg, for a mere minute or two, but till we feel better in health or temper. We are not awfully sporting, really, all of us, you know, actually. If we have very decent or very short-sighted visitors, we see how long they'll put up with winners hit through one of the holes just under the tape of the net. And Scoops are counted as Hits.

In fact, much of our tennis is damn nearly lacrosse. Rather a bad show, don'tcher-know, and pretty un-English, old chap. But you can't expect much else, seeing that we were born near the Edinburgh Zoo in a heat-wave, six months too late for the purifying influence of Queen Victoria the Good.

R.C. Robertson-Glasgow



F. J. Goodman

Henry Moore, the outstanding British sculptor of our generation, is of that small band of prophets of modern art equally honoured in their own country and in every cultural centre of the world. A Yorkshireman, married to a Russian wife, Irena Radetzki, Mr. Moore is international in his artistic thought, as Londoners who saw his magnificent group at the open-air exhibition in Battersea will appreciate. Our photograph was taken in his studio at Much Hadham, in Hertfordshire

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Mrs. Beeton and Her Husband"

"Champion Road"

"Paper Orchid"

TOWERING misconceptions on the subject of Mrs. Beeton have, for years now, waited to be cleared up. A Sybilline figure in bombazine, age round the fifty-mark, casting eggs by the dozen into the mixing-bowl, pounding poundable substances with remorseless fury, daring the bride to err, the cook to falter, or the hostess to swerve by a hair's-breadth from etiquette—such has been the picture many eyes conjure up. The very word "Beeton," in the music-hall, brings the house down.

In fact, Mrs. Beeton was no dominant Widow Twankey of the kitchen: she lived, loved and laughed—the last perhaps not too often: humour was not her strongest point. And, not even middle-age touched her: "Queens have died young and fair"—she died at the age of twenty-eight.

Nancy Spain's *Mrs. Beeton and Her Husband* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) does more than correct the initial errors: it is a fascinating record of a life, a romantic marriage and a career. Miss Spain is Isabella Beeton's great-niece; who has, as such, had access to the Beeton papers—letters, diaries, notebooks, hitherto unedited. Of these she has made excellent use.

She gives us a picture of what, in these days, would be described as a glamorous career-woman. In these days, in fact, Isabella Beeton, svelte and cool in the very Newest Look, would be

whizzing by plane to and fro between London, Paris and New York, giving interviews, being asked for articles, tapping the top of a blond-wood desk with the tips of subtly enamelled filbert nails.

BUT she would, as against that, these days be one of many. The not least striking aspect of her career was that it was, in her own day, unique. For, unlike most other pioneer women whom the Victorian age from time to time did put out, Isabella combined with stupendous driving-power an air of bandboxy femininity. As far as looks went, she must have appeared as "sheltered" as the most Victorian male could wish.

She was born in 1836, in, appropriately, a London Street with an ingredient-sounding name—Milk Street, off Cheapside. Her maiden name was Mayson. Upon her father's death, her mother (from whom Isabella inherited the good looks) married a former admirer, Mr. Dorling. Mr. Dorling, after his first rejection, had consoled himself by another marriage: when, as a new-made widower, he found himself free to address himself to the charming widow, his original love, he had already four children. So, as it happened, had Mrs. Mayson. Having set up house with an assorted batch of eight, Mr. Dorling and the second Mrs. Dorling then

went on to acquire thirteen children of their own. Eventually, therefore, twenty-one young people—Dorlings and Maysons—overflowed from the most interesting of dwellings: a house inside the grandstand at Epsom. For Mr. Dorling was Clerk of Epsom Racecourse.

THE younger children were (as one would now say) evacuated from the grandstand for Derby Day: as a consolation, they were packed off to Brighton. The elder ones were, however, allowed to join in the fun—thus originated Isabella's lasting passion for racing.

The pleasures of being one of a family of twenty-one were, inevitably, mixed. If the subsequent Mrs. Beeton's ideas of household management were on a large scale (though Miss Spain stoutly asserts, and indeed proves, that the Beeton recipes were not unduly lavish), one must remember that she might well envisage a family dinner-table as being sat down to by an astronomic number. A certain brake was put upon social life—one would have hesitated to say to the Dorling-Maysons, "We hope you will all come over. . . ." And, when Samuel Orchard Beeton appeared on the scene, first courtship, then life as an engaged couple, was hampered by the difficulties of seeing Isabella alone.

Few suitors of esteemed elder sisters seem, in those large Victorian families, to have been popular: Sam, in spite of his poetic looks and promising future, was hardly more than tolerated by the Epsom tribe—who, also, took against his relations. Some time after the engagement had been announced, for instance, there was a good deal of umbrage about some fireworks—the “Fireworks, Transparencies and Illuminations” which marked, in London, the end of the Crimean War. The offender was Sam’s stepmother, Mrs. Powell Beeton:—

Mrs. Powell Beeton’s first idea for the Peace Celebrations was simple enough. She wanted Sam and Isabella to see the fireworks together somehow, and she was quite as anxious that Isabella (as an engaged young lady) should not be compromised in any sense.

The solution was to ask a Dorling or two to accompany her, but which ones, and how many?

It was quite impossible to ask a family of twenty-one.

“I have seen my mother and sisters to-day . . .” wrote Sam in a slight panic, “on the question of the fireworks which I am going seriously to attack.

“My mother would have asked all of you to come to-morrow and perambulate the streets in a huge van, but that she knew it would be impossible for you all to come. Now, as she and the girls say, can you not be spared for the day?”

DURING the engagement, Sam was left to wrestle with what was to be the bridal home, at Pinner: he seems to have selected the furniture, decorations, various etceteras. Isabella’s vagueness or nonchalance in the matter seems odd in the future Mrs. Beeton. (It is also worth noting that, though her adoring family considered her perfect in almost every way, none of them rated her very high as a cook. During the writing of her masterpiece, she tried out some of the recipes in her own kitchen, assisted by one of her junior sisters: it did not escape little Lucy’s eye that one or two experiments were a flop.)

Passion and persiflage alternate in the lovers’ letters during the waiting time. Miss Spain gives remarkable extracts from the correspondence. Sam, though extremely emotional, was excruciatingly facetious—his clean fun makes one wince: one must, though, allow for the fact that facetiousness was a Victorian malady; also, that the poor creature, quite off his head with love, lived in dread of offending Isabella’s correctness. She, for her part, gave evidence by a series of muffled nerve-storms of reciprocating his passion in her own way. And she, also, commanded a badinage which could chill the blood.

“I should like,” she wrote, “to pop down to Pinner some evening and surprise you at your evening meal. I will not say *devotions*; it would be such capital fun. What do you say?”

“ . . . Come down on Sunday evening like a good, kind and amiable piece of goods as you are . . . not make your appearance about bedtime, as you did last Sunday.

“Now, pray do not think me ungrateful, but you know very well I like to see as much of you as possible. Sundays are hateful without you come . . .”

THEY married—and it was their marriage which made their history. Victorianism, in the foggiest sense, seems to have peeled off them from that moment—there was, as Miss Spain points out, something totally un-Victorian about their adventurous joint career. Sam was a journalist by profession; Isabella proved to be one by temperament. Sam edited, Isabella thought up brilliant features for, *The Englishwoman’s Domestic Magazine*. Descendants of that success of the Beetons’ now flower, in dozens, on every bookstall—but in that day the idea of a catchy periodical for the ladies was new.

Feature after feature owed its innovation to Isabella’s genius—above all, she had the inspiration of buying up, to reproduce in the magazine, Paris fashion-plates. In quest of these, the handsome and go-ahead young couple made a series of business trips (which were also agreeable) to the French capital—where Isabella, sterling in her contempt for Gallic eating habits, continued to breakfast on beef steak and lunch on buns. At evening, however, they softened, and seem to have put

away a number of typical Paris dinners—delicious, and of considerable size. The menus are noted in Isabella’s diary. One wonders that she continued to look ethereal; but she did.

THE Beetons also went to Berlin, where they went thoroughly into the matter of further hideous designs for Berlin woolwork—all the rage with ladies who took in the magazine. A Killarney holiday is, also, on record—it need hardly be said that it rained heavily; however, here they relaxed, and enjoyed some romantic thoughts in the intervals of checking-over proofs and evolving further material for the magazine.

Isabella’s career in maternity was unfortunate: two successive babies were christened Samuel Orchart; and both died. The third, merely christened Orchart, succeeded in living; then came the fatal Mayson, whose birth Isabella did not herself survive. . . . Her really stupendous child, her monument, was to be *Household Management*—and in a most lively, diverting way has Miss Spain told the story of that immortal work. The frontispiece of the first edition is reproduced—and very handsome it is. . . .

Mrs. Beeton and Her Husband should, I imagine, be one of the best-sellers of this season. Miss Spain has been, occasionally, a little careless about repeating herself; but the general effect of the work she has put into this book has been so good that one can but thank her.

FRANK TILSLEY’S new novel, *Champion Road* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), is, also, the story of a marriage: a battle of temperaments based on submerged affection. It is Jonathan Briggs, the husband, who tells the tale—fifty years of life in a Lancashire industrial town. Though the scene does not change and the principal characters are few, there is a great, impressive effect of a panorama—panorama of life. Comparatively few very long novels seem to me to justify their length: *Champion Road* (which has 692 pages) emphatically does.

The taciturn, sometimes mutually suspicious relationship between Jonathan—at once frank and unscrupulous—and bleak, downright, often sardonic Nellie has as background the ups and downs of the building trade. Jonathan, having started his working life as a newspaper delivery boy with a way of embezzling pennies, amasses a fortune, after World War I, by becoming a speculative builder. He is to find himself a successful self-made man whose wife obstinately refuses to rise in the world. He seeks, outside marriage, the romance Nellie withholds—but the fundamental tie never breaks. The triumph of the book is, I think, Jonathan’s naïve revelation of his own character: what a graceless tough, what an honest crook he is—in fact, is he a crook at all? Finding himself face to face with certain aspects of himself in his son Stevy, he is unaffectedly shocked.

It is misleading to call Mr. Tilsley a second Arnold Bennett: he is not a second of anything; he is his original and remarkable self. He handles this large-scale chronicle in a manner which every fellow-writer must admire, and every reader enjoy. *Champion Road* is a book to get down to, and give yourself plenty of time for—it is about what matters.

ARTHUR LA BERN, author of *It Always Rains on Sunday* and *Night Darkens the Street*, has shown up to now a rather marked predilection for what Jane Austen called “scenes of guilt and misery.” I admit to finding his latest book, *Paper Orchid* (Marlowe; 8s. 6d.), a refreshing change. Here is a rattling good, high-spirited Fleet Street comedy novel, full of hard-boiled characters out-smarting one another at high speed. The dialogue—of which, under analysis, the greater part of the narrative consists—crackles along; and as for the characters, rightly or wrongly you have to like the lot of them—with the exception of one, whose murder cannot be regretted.

Lady Croup and her awful nephew Harold, the white-haired but far from venerable MacSweeney, and crime-expert Freddy Evans are memorable—and as for “the Orchid” herself, she is a match for them all—up, that is, to the disconcerting and touching end.



Capt. G. Lucas with Capt. R. H. D. Bolton and Mr. F. Brodie Lodge (son of the late Sir Oliver Lodge), President of the Show



Miss Mary Scott-Robson leading in four-and-a-half-year-old Michael Harrison, a competitor in the children’s classes



The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, who presented the prizes, talking to Mr. E. Forwood, the trainer, and Miss Judy Forwood



Holloway, Northampton

Five-year-old Jill Dean was another competitor in the children’s riding classes at this very successful annual show, which was held in Flore Park, Weedon, Northants.

Weedon Horse Show



James—Brook

Capt. Philip James, only son of Mr. Anthony S. James, O.B.E., M.C., of Exmouth, Devon, formerly Acting P.M.G., India, and of the late Mrs. James, married Miss Rosemary Brook, twin daughter of Dr. Charles Brook and Mrs. Iris Brook, of Court Farm Road, London, S.E.9, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Gallie—Struben

Cdr. B. D. Gallie, R.N., younger son of the late Major-Gen. J. Stuart Gallie, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Gallie, of Winfrith Newburgh, Dorchester, was married at St. Peter's Chapel, Tower of London, to Miss Angela Struben, second daughter of Capt. Charles Struben, O.B.E., V.D., R.N.V.R., of Capetown, and of the late Mrs. Struben



Carter—Pack

Capt. Gerald S. Carter, R.A., son of Major and Mrs. S. T. Carter, of Rose Park, Dundonald, County Down, and Miss Audrey Marguerita Pack, only daughter of G/Capt. and Mrs. Harvey Pack, of Fairhaven, Wadhurst, Sussex, were married at Wadhurst Church.



Scott—Hillyer

Lt. Arthur Peter Bedingsfeld Scott, R.M., younger son of Mrs. C. B. Scott, of Challoner Mansions, London, W.14, married Miss Anne Margaret Hillyer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Hillyer, of Hanover House, London, N.W.8, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Kealy—Stanley

Major Peter Raymond Hope Kealy, Queen's Royal Regiment, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. P. H. Kealy and of Mrs. Kealy, of The Avenue, Camberley, married Miss Eve Muriel Stanley, youngest daughter of Mr. F. C. Stanley, of Byculla, Minster, Isle of Sheppey, Kent, and of the late Mrs. Stanley, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



McKilliam—Coxon

The wedding took place at All Saints Cathedral, Nairobi, of Capt. Kenneth Roderick McKilliam, Gordon Highlanders, eldest son of the late Capt. R. B. V. McKilliam and Mrs. McKilliam, of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Helen Florence Howard Coxon, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Coxon, of Abingdon, Berkshire



Suren—Linzee

Major F. L. J. Suren, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Suren, of Redlands, Andheri, India, was married to Miss Jean F. H. Linzee, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. Hood Linzee, of Gloucester Lodge, Thames Ditton, Surrey, at St. Nicholas, Thames Ditton



Jenkins—Crowther

The wedding of Mr. David W. St. Leger Jenkins, only son of the late Inspector E. D. Jenkins, and of Mrs. Ruth Jenkins, of Cyncoed, Cardiff, and Miss Margaret Crowther, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crowther, of Leicester, took place at the Church of the Martyrs, Leicester

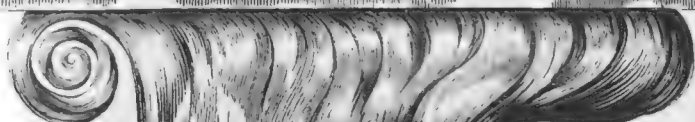
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The "Tatler's" Review



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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



Maud Roser



Janette Colombier

LAST ROSES

Janette Colombier



Suzanne Talbot



Paulette

The frivolous season for hats is fast declining. A last glimpse of summer gaiety comes with Maud Roser's coarse straw at the top of the page. A black velvet bow is poised upon the back brim beneath veiling of black chenille spotted net. On the right, Janette Colombier's satin bonnet with a pink rose on the draped crown ties with matching strings. Another coarse straw bonnet from Janette Colombier is on the left, and below, left, is Suzanne Talbot's striped ribbon and straw bonnet and Paulette's miraculous combination of white gull's wings nested in tulle



Miss Violet de Trafford of Newsells Park, near Royston.
Her interest in politics finds expression through her
duties as secretary to a Member of Parliament.
For relaxation she is very fond of racing.

Her twin set is by...

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Pearl Freeman

Miss June Elisabeth Marler, only daughter of Major L. S. Marler and Mrs. Marler, J.P., of Wavendon Tower, Wavendon, Buckinghamshire, who is engaged to Captain Arthur John Fenwick Micklem, eldest son of Brigadier J. Micklem, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Micklem, of Kempsons, Whitchurch, Buckinghamshire



Harley

Princess Hélène de Ligne, youngest daughter of Prince and Princess Albert de Ligne, of Brussels, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Francis Whitwell, of Park Mansions, S.W.1., only son of the late Mr. Francis A. Whitwell and Mrs. Whitwell. The wedding will take place in Brussels



Hay Wrightson

Miss Mary Elisabeth Wallace John, elder daughter of Mrs. L. J. John, of Whitehayes, Coleson Hills, Wrecclesham, Surrey, (late of Llanelly), who is engaged to Captain James Henry Fitz-Simon, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, son of the Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Fitz-Simon, of Heyshott, Midhurst, Sussex



Hay

Miss Noel Jocelyn (Tinks) Dore younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Noel Dore, of The Grange, Eastcote, Pinner, who is engaged to Mr. Thomas Peter Wurr, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Wurr, of Seaforth Gardens, Winchmore Hill



Lenar

Miss Joy Yvonne Moir and Sub-Lieut. Sir Baldwin Patrick Walker, Bt. R.N., who are engaged to be married. Miss Moir is the younger daughter of Sir Arrol and Lady Moir, of Queen's Elm Square, S.W.3, and Little Court, St. Peter's, Kent, and Sir Baldwin is the elder son of the late Cdr. Baldwin Walker, R.N., and of Mrs. Mary Black, of Claremont, South Africa

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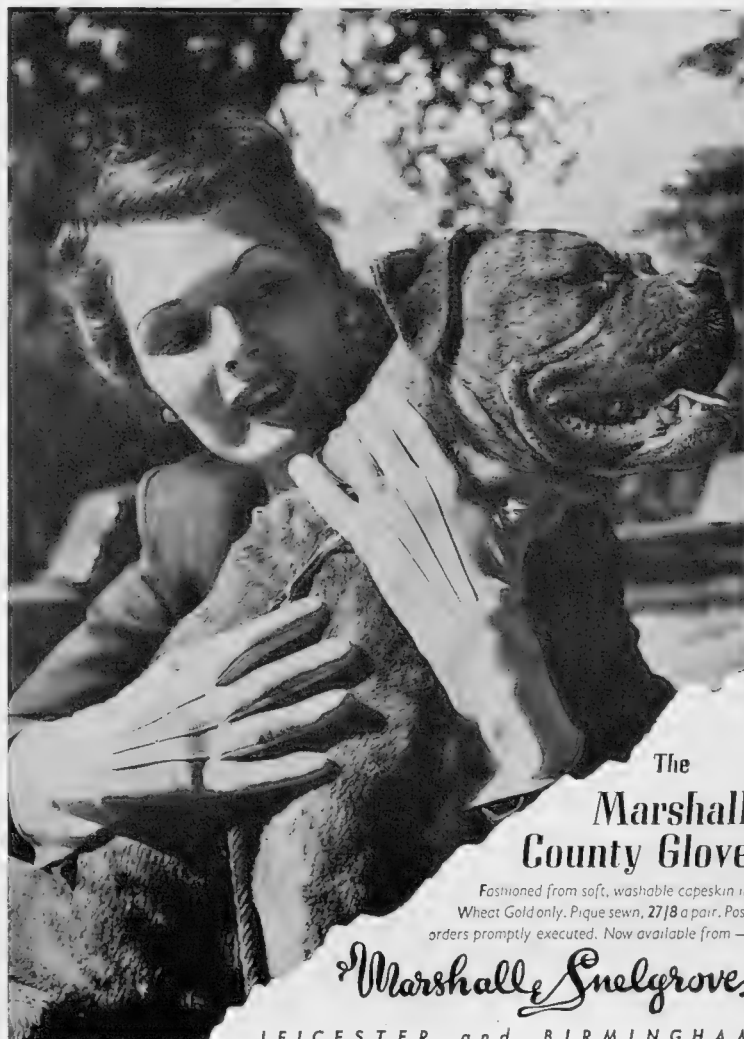
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LEICESTER and BIRMINGHAM



Miss Frances Stephens (Birkdale), centre, scratch trophy winner for the third successive year, talking to Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester and Cobham), and Mr. Sidney Fry



Mme Monique Barton, a competitor from France playing in the "Daily Graphic" Women's Golf Tournament, held on the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club's course

Women Golfers at Richmond



Miss Hampson, of the Worcester Club getting out of a bunker. She returned the very good score of 157 for the two days' play



Miss Thelma Twell (handicap 16) of King's Lynn, handicap winner for the second successive year, with Mrs. Moore (Fulwell)

RECORD OF THE WEEK

QUITE recently Tony Martin made a successful appearance on the stage in London. Among the many foreign importations introduced to liven up British variety, perhaps he has more than most to offer, for he has looks, a delightful personality, and a voice that needs no amplification.

His latest record has also been made in this country and therefore has the advantages of British recording systems—the best in the world. Yet in spite of an excellent accompaniment by that first rate "pit" band, The Skyrockets, in spite of sound and stylish direction from Woolf Phillips, and in spite of the vocalizing of Tony himself the record is disappointing. The work selected occupies both sides of the disc. It is from a film *Big Store*, and is called "Tenement Symphony." If the store depends on goods like this record for a livelihood then it must surely very soon be put right out of business! "Tenement Symphony," even with lyrics to hide up the musical clichés, just does not register.

Maybe Tony Martin managed to make some other titles while he was here. I hope so, because in this record there is everything but the basic material to commend it (H.M.V. B.9666).

Robert Tredinnick

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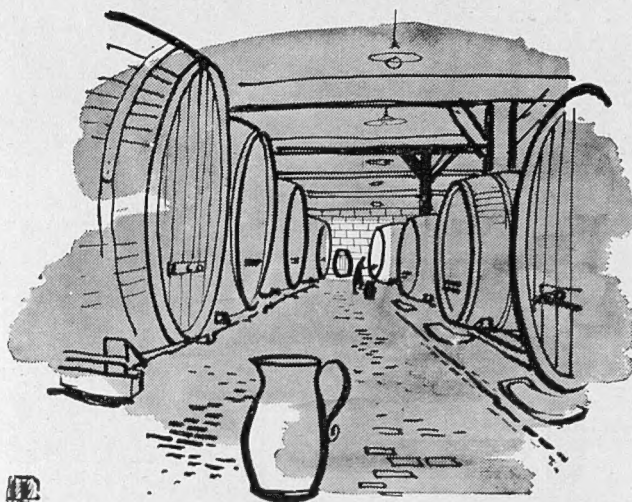
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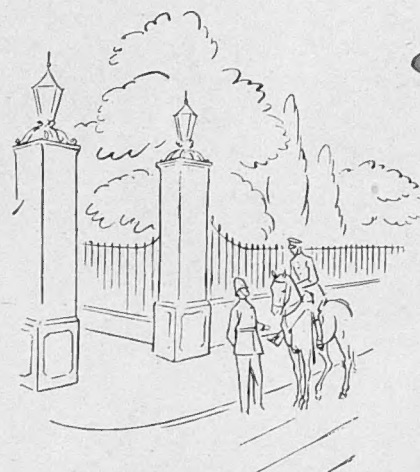


Once again there are in Britain a few bottles of Heering's Cherry Brandy, now sold under the shorter name of CHERRY HEERING.

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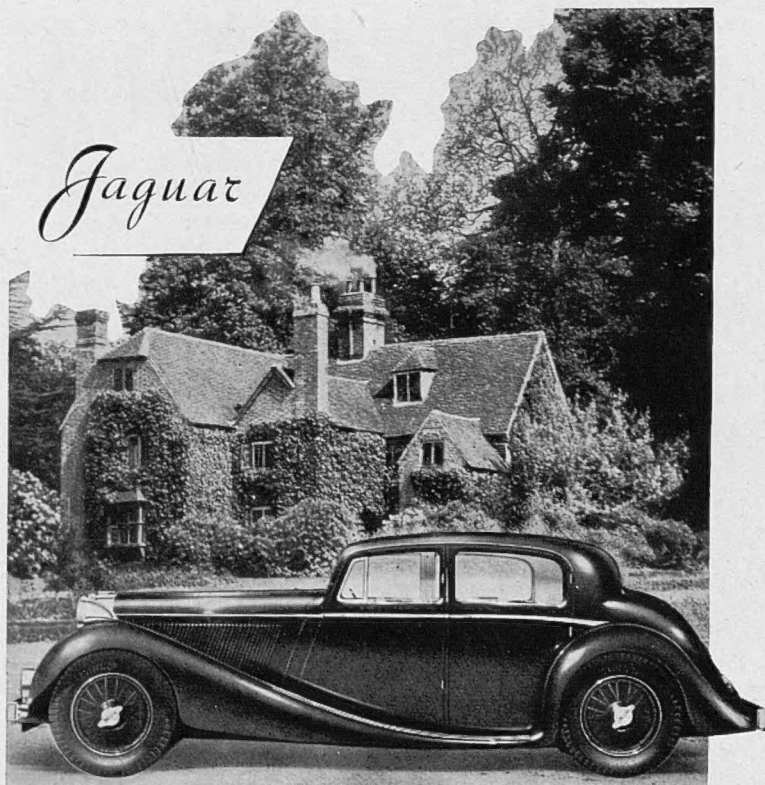
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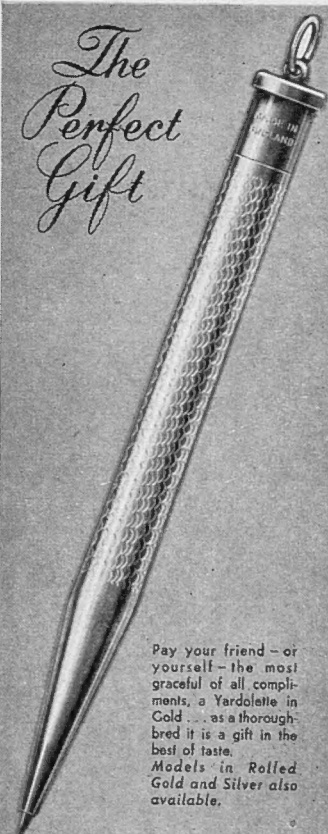
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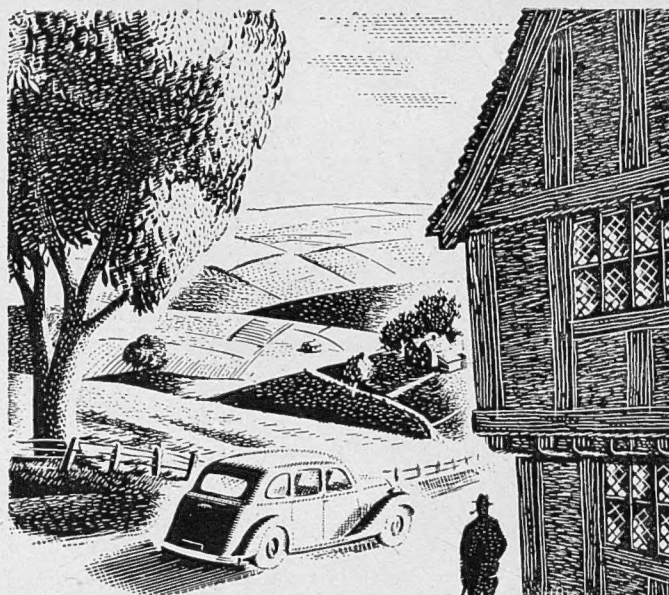
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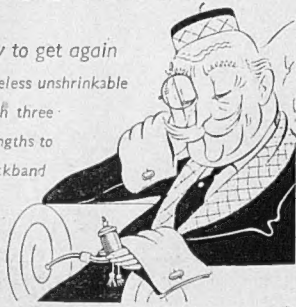
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